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The London Charivari

MR. ROBENS' reply to the South Wales miners who urged him not to accept the appointment as chairman of the N.C.B. has a remarkably old-fashioned look. "I would have thought," he writes, "that it was in the interests of your members if you urged the Government to appoint a man . . . who believes in public ownership . . ." Surely this is putting the clock back a bit: nobody as far as I know—not even the most diehard of Conservatives or the most backward of backwoodsmen—would care to denationalize coal. I read on half expecting Mr. Robens to plead that he was also a man in favour of fair shares, equal opportunities, old age pensions and public conveniences.

Half a Holocaust is Better than One

THE news that strikers at American atomic missile plants are using aerial pickets to prevent blacklegs being flown in by helicopter is more serious



than it sounds. Almost the only clear-cut lesson of the Cold War is that aerial incidents, from the Berlin air-lift to the U-2, tend to get out of hand. Next thing we'll have the U.S. trying to hush up "a little local disturbance" in California, Russia demanding that the U.N. intervene; tempers will get

out of hand and then, perhaps, bingo. In the circumstances it is not much comfort to realize that half the human race has a slightly better chance of survival with a down-tools at the missile plants.

Is this Seat Taken?

AMONG those advertisements appealing for metallurgists and stressmen I noticed a call for science graduates to work on "Air Line Seat

"Might I look at your tickets?"



Reservation Systems." It is high time that seat reservation was made a science. Look, for example, at the dreadfully old-fashioned system in theatre box-offices, where nonchalant non-graduates simply put pencil crosses in squares to show that seats have been sold; if they remember, that is. I would like to think that the purpose of this air line project is to ensure that a passenger can always be confident of getting the seat he has paid for on the flight for which they have booked him. That will be the day.

Trouble in the Tail

THE abortive revolt in the Argentine by three hundred anti-aircraft gunners has drawn severe comment from former members of Ack-Ack Command,



"What was the Labour Party, Daddy?"

both male and female. That sort of showing off, they feel, is better left to the airborne, as in Algeria, or to the tank boys, as in Turkey. Besides, anti-aircraft guns are not always easily adaptable to shooting up the seat of government, especially if it is in a hollow. Things are going to be very difficult for Security if this trend continues. Next time it may be a *putsch* engineered in the higher education centre, with the aid of a clique of ambitious young dental colonels.

What the Doctor Ordered

AT Euston Station is a slot machine which invites the tired traveller to step on its platform and receive a vibratory massage. They say it's just the thing to freshen you up after standing in a shuddering corridor for four hours.

Jay Walker

FLEET Street treated the injury to poor Dr. Barbara Moore with astonishing indifference—almost as though the news was old before it left Brazil, Indiana, almost as though the headlines "Dr. Moore Injured—Struck by Car" had been ready and waiting for weeks. The truth is, of course (any statistician would tell you), that Dr. Barbara was known to be pressing her luck, running out of trouble-free peripatetics. If you walk long enough on the roads, you get run down: it's as simple as that. My calculations suggest

that Dr. Moore should have been knocked down at about 3.20 p.m. (our time) on May 30, but the laws of mathematical probability sometimes go slightly awry.

More Inefficiency Wanted

I DON'T think we should fly into a panic over those disclosures at the Local Government Officers' conference last week. People on the inside may be worried because of the falling quality of staff, lack of G.C.E. material, quitting to other jobs and the need to take on "retired policemen, pensioners and anyone else you can get," but somehow or other they manage to keep having the roads torn up and the rates demands delivered bang on time.

Wheels Within Wheels

SEVERAL attempts have been made recently to clarify the international spy situation for the better information of the public. Statistics have yawed wildly. Is it 1600 Russian agents in West Berlin, or 16,000? The scientific side is also a puzzle. Is the whole thing really run by miniaturized electronics hidden in Embassy drawing-rooms, or do the old code-books and invisible ink still hold sway? A despatch from Havana last week at least threw an interesting sidelight on intelligence strategy, even if it left the tactics to the imagination. An American pilot seems to have been accused by the Cuban



"Amazing increase in volunteers to be shot into space since the summit failure."

A New Series GWYN THOMAS'S SCHOOLDAYS

Starts on page 877

Government "of being a key figure in a fake Nicaraguan plot which, it was alleged, the U.S. State Department sponsored to discredit Cuba." I'd like to see the briefing documents for that one.

Refer to Broker

ODDLY enough, the main characteristic of the Big Five banks has been their indistinguishability one from the other, and it was refreshing to read that one of them had drawn slightly ahead and apart with its offer to manage its customers' stock and share transactions. The trouble is that the other four are pretty sure to catch up before long, and once again there'll be no way to tell them except by the colour of their cheques. However, the present innovator makes a condition for the new service—that the bank "will not be liable for any investment depreciation." If one of its imitators cares to drop this clause it could mean the unmistakable distinction of being the Big One.

Community Drama

WHO can fail to be impressed by the news that East Kent Women's Institutes have written and produced twenty-one plays on the history of their area? I like to think that these are the result of well-integrated team work. "If you've finished bottling the plums, Mrs. B., perhaps you'll give Miss Green a hand with her second act . . . it's about Thomas à Becket, you know"; or "If you'll push on with the epilogue, Mrs. G., we could excuse you the lecture on making soap from sink waste." That's what I call real community drama and I don't want anybody to tell me that the truth is different.

Accident Statistic

STEWART MACPHERSON, nostalgic for old England, told airport reporters that he just couldn't wait "to look out for those red London buses." He'd better, all the same.

— MR. PUNCH



FAREWELL SYMPHONY

2



In the second of a series of articles, an economist and director of companies appraises the condition of the Trade Unions and discusses some shortcomings

OLD BROOMS - By GRAHAM HUTTON

THE British are a negative, nostalgic, antique-conserving folk. So in their industry and politics things are organized, relatively low incomes are paid, and then people are taxed more highly than anywhere else on earth, to stop rapid and efficient progress. Being always on the side of the old and the losers, the British set their governmental, business and trade union organization to secure cosy, amateur, old-fashioned ways of living. Public failures get promoted. Faithful *emeriti* of obvious amateur status are early pensioned into the driving seats of great vehicles of State. In Parliament the trade unions and Labour Party excel Tories in pensioning amateur veterans into the Lords and Commons. And a glance at the topmost councils of Britain's nationalized industries, big banks, insurance and other concerns, and trade unions will show the bright scarlet thread running through her public life: the unanimous hatred of efficiency, professionalism, and quick prosperity.

Now all this is untrue of the British masses. They, a decent docile lot, don't differ much from the industrial masses of America, Germany, Russia. It is the *elite*, the leadership, of a nation that gives it national characteristics. And in Britain the *elite* of politics, business and trade unions is, first of all, remarkably uniform in outlook—unlike those of other nations—and, secondly, remarkably old-fashioned. Hence it was that the Labour Party solidly opposed commercial TV and Suez, both of which proved embarrassingly popular with the masses. Hence it is that the so-called Conservatives are the reformers of betting, prostitution and licensing laws; the undoers of State controls; and the penal taxers of profits and businessmen—led by M.P.s who are almost a generation younger than those of the Opposition in their outlook on the world.

In the economic field the national characteristics of leadership emerge more clearly than anywhere else, on what the

British in their old-fashioned way call "both sides of industry." Both sides, in a nation ageing faster than any other, look back in fear to the obsessive unemployment of a bygone era and forward only to pensions. Both sides cling to restrictive practices devised in that era to "make work," "share the work" and stop "working a buddy out of a job." Old-line businessmen get apoplectic about the disappearance of their cosy profits, now that reforming Tories of a new generation—and a lot of upstart new-fangled technological industries—are laying about them with new brooms, sweeping away the cosiness of cartels and trade practices. And naturally Britain's trade union leaders still say their prayers to age-long, hallowed restrictive practices, and to "differentials" of wages between one grade of work and another, or between one union's rates and another's, laid down in that same bygone era.

The trouble about Britain's business is that its *average* performance is so poor. It is old-fashioned, amateurish, hag-ridden by practices aimed at "security," and massively uninterested in doing any better. How could it be otherwise when the broad mass of "both sides of industry" are led by ideas and attitudes outworn by events? There are a few outstanding unions, as there are a few outstanding British firms, which can show attitudes and performances ranking with the best in America. But whereas in America the *average* lies near the leadership in productivity and speed of progress, in Britain the average lies near the bottom.

America had—still has—no Socialist theologians inveighing against the evils of profit-making, and carrying on the age-long English (and Scottish and Welsh) Puritan tradition of stopping people from enjoying themselves, especially materially, especially in shops or pubs after "hours," and especially on Sundays. In America the trade union leaders are trained almost as well as the employers' representatives. They are paid almost as much—even if they pay themselves

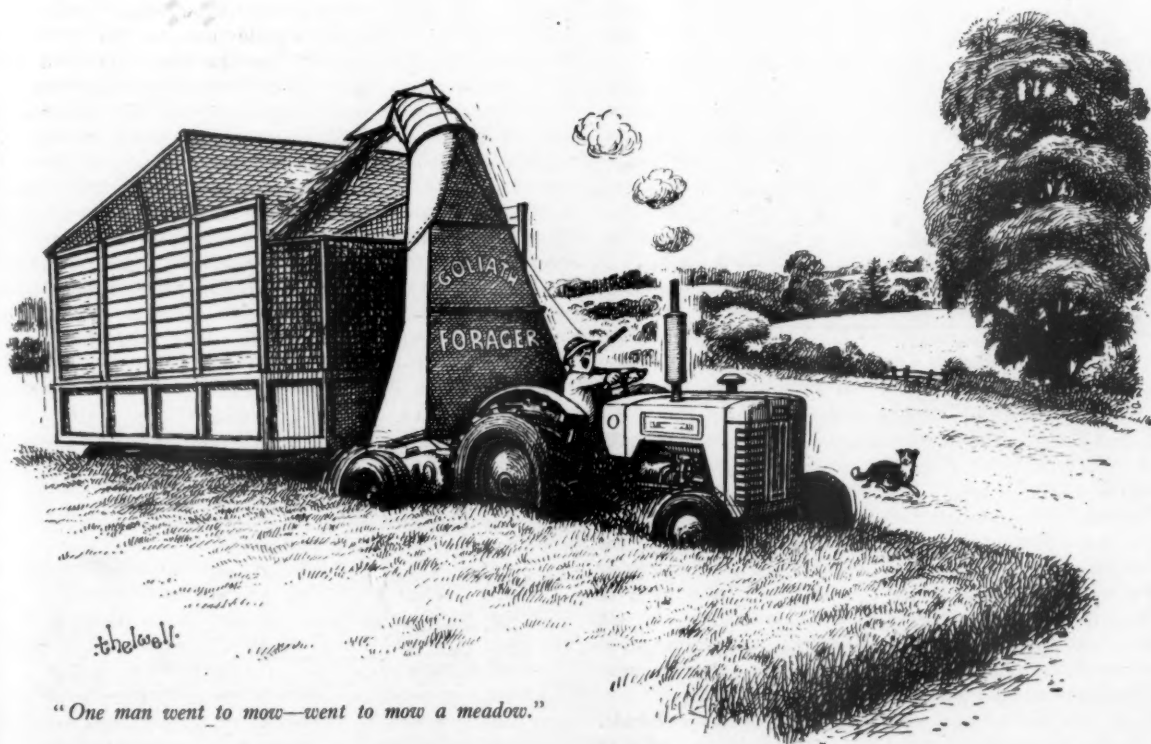
from the union's kitty, which they nobly replenish from the rake-offs they racket out of the employers. In America the union leaders, and the union members without being told by their leaders, will quit a firm if its profitability falls: they believe in productivity and high profitability. In Britain . . . well, I needn't go on: as Figaro says, "You all of you know!"

Britain's trade union movement to-day, like many other British institutions born in a bygone era, presents a pathetic aspect. The Welfare State—the creature of Liberals and Tories—has robbed it of its erstwhile "relieving officer's" functions for its members. The State compels contributions—and taxes us all for one-third of the standard rate of 7s. 9d.—merely to look after all the aged (who are doubling in twenty years), sick, injured, incapacitated, unemployed, and unemployable. *Scientific progress* and the new, younger, trained businessmen applying it are rendering manual labour—the basis of the first so-called "heavy" unions—obsolete. They are also mixing, reversing, up-ending all kinds of skills—and swiftly necessitating the learning of new skills, with bewildering new machines, before workpeople are 40. But the bulk of Britain's workpeople are over 40 and a third of them are in unions unequipped to cope with such swift changes.

Moreover, technical advances render trade unionism itself somewhat cosy, lumbering and antique: for example, trade union leaders are now far older than the employers with whom they negotiate. They don't talk in the same terms. And a thousand new fears beset Britain's trade union leaders every

day, as new applications of science in industry multiply new skills, grades of responsibility, and therefore "differentials" of pay. Over all of this looms one overriding fear: that in another decade or two there won't be any "masses" of workpeople as there always have been; that just as the erstwhile "working-class" has already in Britain acquired all the attitudes and appurtenances of the erstwhile middle-class, thus making a lower-middle-class nation as a whole, so in time (with shorter and shorter weeks of work) the lighter-working, clean-collared, house-owning, car-owning, even boat-owning proletariat will not want trade unions. Oxford dons, especially when indulging in their public pastime of being *enfants terribles*, have a nasty habit of proving right; and Mr. Peter Wiles of New College, a Liberal, proclaimed over a decade ago that trade unions were an anachronism in the Welfare State.

Out of Britain's 24,000,000 souls gainfully occupied, trade unionists account only for about 9,500,000 (including non-political professional associations as legal unions); of whom under 8,500,000 are affiliated to the T.U.C. Of these so affiliated, it is safe to say that only two-thirds of their membership—if that—can be assumed to be Socialists. Yet, owing to the extraordinarily favourable British trade union laws, the unions can pay out over £500,000 a year from their political funds, on nothing alien to Socialism. There are 35 big unions, with over 50,000 members each, accounting for 80 per cent of all trade unionists. The remaining 400 or so unions account only for the other 20 per cent of trade unionists.



"One man went to mow—went to mow a meadow."

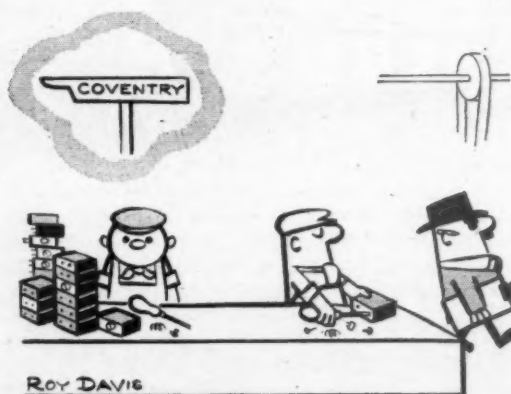
But such is the growing complexity of modern life that a strike of 250 key men in a key union can hold up an entire industry for one little component or service. Therein lies power. That power has little to do with union funds. While all unions have a total income of about £25,000,000 a year, the big 35 naturally get most of it, but they tend to strike (officially) least: money and property create a vested interest in law and order! The reasons for Britain's peculiar, chronic hiccupping in industrial relations—her costly,

incomprehensible rates, but each is vital to the other. And on the job, in hourly contact with such men, one of them—unpaid for the chore—is elected “shop steward.” He is not a union official. Begun in the first World War by the necessary sub-contracting on standardized operations, the shop stewards movement, further enlarged in the second war, has become the unofficial challenger to each union's own hierarchy as well as to the T.U.C. The poor old T.U.C.—David Low's lumbering white horse—has no powers to compel any union. It can drum a union out; but if it drums out one of the big 35, both T.U.C. and Labour Party might lose a lot of money each year, and perhaps the nakedness of the T.U.C. land would become only too public. On the other hand, the old-fashioned, wretchedly-paid administration of the individual unions—especially the big 35 unions—cannot cope officially with the unofficial, unrecognized shop stewards down at shop-floor level. These latter are the chaps who know, and work every day with, the other chaps, who in turn know them and know they are mainly unpaid for doing a necessary everyday chore. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the Commies were quick (between and in the wars) to spot that power vacuum, that hiatus in administrative responsibility between the British trade unions' official and unofficial hierarchy. But one must admit that in the British union set-up—a cumbrous and ill-paid staff, inspired by out-of-date myths, doing things “on the cheap” and therefore out of touch with the shop-floors, wedded by finance and the iniquitous “contracting-out” clause to support one of two political parties—Commies weren't needed to make trouble for union officials. They were doing that for themselves by playing for safety.

Since war ended, playing for safety meant the absolute opposite of what American and German union leaders did. It meant holding up technical developments, demanding that the same number of men should be paid to work slowly the new machines with greater *potential* output an hour, preserving old “differentials” laid down in the days of old craft skills, shoving standard times for jobs or performances of men and machines up to the highest pitch of costs, and generally either holding back potential output or (much the same thing) keeping productivity down and progress slow. In America, Germany, etc., the unions first haggled for the most they could get out of the most profit they could help the employer to turn out.

repetitive, “unofficial” strikes of short duration—lie in the old-fashioned, “under-dog,” unemployment-fearing, dogmatic Socialist attitude of the older generation of trade union officials and members. That mentality and attitude have maintained a cumbrous structure built up in a bygone age to deal with bygone problems, on the bygone assumption that all members would loyally turn out to a bewildering number of meetings, and pass resolutions accurately reflecting from the grass-roots the union's Socialist opinions as a whole. At the turn of the century, that was needed; and very largely it was so in the days of Ben Tillett and John Burns; union officials worked for love or nothing, and went to prison for it. To-day, one can seriously ask if Socialism is needed in Britain.

Trade unionists are still paid in old-fashioned ways at



ROY DAVIS



The British characteristics of the average leadership—among cosy employers as well as cosy trade union leaders—were coupled with the fastest inflation in all Western nations. That covered a multitude of costs, till the Tories pulled the restrictive trade mat out from under employers' feet. Then came the squeals of affected employers and trade unions for relief, at the expense of taxpayers, as the height of their uneconomic costs and practices became apparent. And as inflation merrily proceeded, voices were raised on all sides demanding "a national wages policy," i.e. Governmental control over all wages, and therefore, by implication, over the unions. It would have rendered the last trade unions' functions unnecessary. Inflation, technical advances, and the Welfare State, together, therefore, have run Britain's trade unions on a lee shore, where they look like being stranded. This sense of frustration at GHQ combines with equal frustration on the shop-floor, expressed in explosions of sheer bloody-mindedness, set off by both simple and not-so-simple shop stewards. They at least possess *some* power and can at least *seem* to exercise it, even if to no other purpose than thus letting off steam.

In very few years now, the working week may be down to twenty-four hours. Instead of spending only two-fifths of his waking time at so-called work, the typical Briton will spend only one-fifth: four-fifths of a week at leisure. Imagine, then, marital relationships, family life, the highways, seaside, shops. Imagine, too, business management and trade unions. I seem to hear *sotto voce* meaningful colloquies in Pall Mall clubs:

"Psst! Know where there's a spot of work? Got a boy of 29 just down from Oxford—did P.P.E. with Automation and Linear Programming in only nine years—wouldn't expect more than 16 hours of it a week to start with—and his keep-vouchers, of course."

"Sorry, old man! Just had to sack old Blenkinsop's boy at 33—no room for him—and my Bill's been pensioned off at 40. Deuced difficult. Try farming: luckily Bill got one of those old tied cottages, and no less than 28 hours a week!"

Or the trade union negotiator and the management representative:

"It isn't the pay. That's okay. But my boys are good boys. They're restless. They get browned off at home, what with the women at work too, and then coming home demanding this and that, to say nothing of that ruddy TV on

seventeen channels nowadays. Can't you open up No. 5 bay—give us a bit more work—or even a double dose of mere maintenance work: arranged in shifts that would go round very nicely?"

"I'm really sorry, Jim. Can't do it, possibly. These new machines aren't bought, y'know; they're only leased; don't need maintenance by our boys at all. And after that ruddy Tory job-security law, we're forced to employ *all* of you for the national 20 hours, y'know. Now I tell you what: if you'd let us run two shifts, I'd be able to get costs down further, and raise output, and lengthen hours a bit on each shift. 'Course, some of you boys would have to be let out, y'know: only the older ones, over 40 at first. How about that?"

"... the ... Tories! Not on your life!"

Crazy? Fanciful? It has happened already, but in America—not Russia, and of course not Britain—first.

Here, the trade union colossus, the Fifth Estate, looms above Westminster, the traditional seat of power. But the danger doesn't lie near Westminster. It doesn't even lie near democracy. The makers of those films *I'm All Right Jack!* and *The Angry Silence*—films unthinkable for public showing, let alone popularity, as recently as five years ago—knew where it lay. It lies where a man must make a living, among his mates.

That is the tragedy of British trade unionism. It has grown so big in the head, aiming for national power, that it has lost its once idealistic, inspiring grip on its members, the men and women in their workplaces. They won't turn up for official union business, which therefore gets done by the extremists who do turn up. And these are recruited by, and from, the unofficial challengers of the officials: the shop stewards, whom GHQ of each union, and the T.U.C. itself, refuse to recognize as the organized movement they are. And so Britain's vital teamwork in her workplaces is more the product of the unofficial than of the official trade union leader. No wonder its quality leaves a lot to be desired.

But do the British desire it otherwise? After all, a folk dedicated to muddling through must first make its muddle.

The other contributors to this series will be:

GEORGE WOODCOCK	JO GRIMOND
THOMAS BALOGH	WOODROW WYATT
LORD BIRKETT	

Gardener's Testing Time

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

"AND our first question this afternoon is from . . . Thank you, Mr. Furtle. Well, team, Mr. Furtle wants to know: 'On these lovely summer days when all we want to do is laze on the lawn, can the team suggest ways of dodging the jobbing gardener?' Fred, I think this is one for you."

"I know what he means. And I think it depends what sort of a person you are. What sort of a person are you, Mr. Furtle? (Laughter) No, I mean, is it your conscience that troubles you? (Laughter) I know it does some people. Last bank holiday weekend, the gardener of a friend of mine said he could give him three days' work, get some of that old beech hedge clipped, tear out some of the brambles and that. So he came Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Lovely weather, I expect you remember. And my friend said he didn't relax and enjoy himself for a minute, because he felt he ought to have been humping the extending ladders and staking the chrysanths and swap-hooking round the fruit trees. In fact he stayed indoors all weekend, except going out every now and again to take the gardener mugs of tea and bottles of beer and bread and cheese and slabs of fruit cake; and even sitting inside, he said, he'd keep looking

out and seeing the man in mid-air, nailing down the shed roof or wiring up the Madam Butterfly. He said he was glad to get back to the office come Tuesday. Well, of course, if you're this sort, Mr. Furtle, you shouldn't have a man to do your garden. It seems to me you've got to do one of three things: move to a flat somewhere, or do your own gardening, or, best of all, let Mrs. Furtle do it. I think that's the answer to that one. But perhaps that's not—pardon?—yes, well, I was going to say, perhaps it's not so much your not wanting to see the gardener as not wanting him to see you. (Laughter) I don't know what you wear for lazing on the lawn. (Loud Laughter) Or what Mrs. Furtle wears." (Hysterical laughter, including rich mirth from Question-master)

"Ha-ha. Well, thank you, Fred. Perhaps we'd better hand over to Bill."

"Umbrellas. Not stuck up in the ground, like they have in tea-gardens, I don't mean. But if you get a biggish umbrella and lay it flat on the lawn—open it first—(Laughter) you'll find it can be rolled around like a wheel, pivoting on its iron spike, and you can adjust it in a jiffy according to where

the gardener's coming at you. Because, of course, the thing about the jobbing gardener is the way he suddenly packs in one job and starts another. Just when you think he's out of the way for an hour, stone-bordering the front path, and you've got yourself comfortably parked round the angle of the house and nearly all your clothes off (Nervous laughter), you find him rounding the corner with the hose on fine spray, and you're off upstairs for a bath-towel. But with the umbrella you can roll it round in a tick, and if it's any good it'll keep the water off too.

"I think what we have to remember is that most gardeners are a bit telepathic. I don't think they can help it. It just happens that when you decide to take your chair and sun-oil and newspapers and cigarettes and jug of lime-juice on the back patch, they're somehow drawn to it as well, to do a bit of lawn-edging or mulch the *escallonia macrantha* (Respectful hush). And in the same way, when you up and move camp to the front lawn, it subconsciously occurs to them to bring the mower and mow round you in diminishing rectangles until they're actually taking shavings off the deck-chair legs. I think Fred was right when he said it all depends what sort of a person you are. Some people can just sit there, even if it's a motor-mower making more stink and din than you'd find on the London-Brighton road. Others spring up at once and pretend they've heard the telephone and go in and lie down in a hot bedroom until they hear the man shouting 'I'm off now, then,' and start trying to work out thirteen hours at 3s. 9d. Frankly, I don't think there's any cast-iron answer to the problem, unless our Mr. Gemmell has some brilliant ideas?"

"Oh, I'm sure he has. Alan?"

"Certainly. But first I'd like to say that I wouldn't have Bill Sowerbutts as my jobbing gardener if he thinks *escallonia macrantha* needs mulching (Laughter). Aren't you thinking of *pyracantha angustifolia*, Bill? Well, never mind, it's beside the point. No, the answer to Mr. Furtle's problem is,



"We try to better ourselves, give the boy every chance—and now it seems he's joining a Union at Oxford."

of course, planning. Early and plenty. It's too late to start thinking how to take cover from gardeners if your garden already exists and hasn't got the right sort of cover anyway. What I'd recommend Mr. Furtle to do is leave the garden he's now got, move to another house, and start from scratch with one object in view—to establish an adequate number of what you might call hidey-holes. A small, tight circle of rhododendrons is ideal, and unless your gardener is going to come hunting for you by helicopter you'll be quite safe there for hours at a time. Or, in very hot weather, such as I think Mr. Furtle has in mind, what's wrong with taking your kiddy's aqua-lung equipment and sitting at the bottom of the lily-pond, which is both safe, restful and cool. Plenty of soft fruit is another useful dodge. Get in there under some camouflage netting and even your wife can't find you (*Laughter*). But remember that all these retreats may be stumbled on in time, so be sure you've got plenty to ring the changes on."

"Fred? You wanted to say something?"

"Only just to add a word to what Bill said about motor-mowers. I was thinking of electric hedge-cutters, actually, because there's no hiding from that banshee whine (*Laughter*). So it's a useful tip, wherever you're hiding out, to have a pair of shears handy. Then you can nip out when the gardener's stopped for a smoke and snip through the cable. This sometimes means a whole half-hour's peace, and with any luck you can be asleep before he can get it started up again."

"Well, thank you. All right, Mr. Furtle? But if you've got a pair of shears you're fond of, don't take them in the lily-pond with you (*Laughter*). And the next question is from . . . Thank you, Mr. Bricklove. Yes, well, Mr. Bricklove wants to know: 'As a jobbing gardener who gets sick of the sight of his employer's white legs sticking out from behind a striped canvas wind-break . . .'"

☆

"Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the Nyasaland independence movement, was welcomed by a cheering crowd of about 14,000 at Blantyre yesterday when he returned to Nyasaland after visits to Britain, the United States and other African territories."—*Daily Telegraph*

It's come to that already?

THEN AS NOW

In what may be Wimbledon's last amateur year, it is worth recalling how strange tennis seemed in the year Wimbledon started



LAWN-TENNIS

CHARLOTTE AND ETHEL, HAVING ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO LAY AGAINST THEIR COUSINS, TOM AND HARRY, INSIST UPON HANDICAPPING THEM—AS IS ONLY FAIR.

July 7, 1877

New! New! The Cigarette You Can Eat!

By MALCOLM BRADBURY

PEDANTS tell me that you cannot feel respect and distaste at the same time, but believe me this is precisely the combination of emotions that is aroused in me every time I read the advertisements in American newspapers for cigarettes. Selling cigarettes in America is a highly competitive business, and the chaps who have this mission don't let any opportunities slide. In fact, all the resources of motivation research and depth selling are brought to bear on the American smoker, and it is a hardy man that can stand up to the battering. Traumas spring up; for instance, is it better to be rugged and virile (Marlboro), earnest and informed (Viceroy) or smart and exclusive (Benson and Hedges)? The

only time I ever considered giving up smoking was in America, where cigarettes are cheap but where, goodness only knows, it's so difficult to choose a brand. You don't just smoke their cigarettes; you belong to a group.

There was a time, when the lung cancer scare was on, when the message of all the cigarette advertisements was, in one way or another, "You won't die if you smoke our brand." In those days advertising men were simple souls and hadn't had the advice of a certain Dr. Ernest Dichter, the president of the Institute for Motivational Research, Inc., who pointed out that people smoked to relieve tension, to be sociable, to gain poise, to prepare for stress, and to show their daring, their conformity,

but above all their virility. I don't know which of these categories you fall into, but I've always felt that I smoked to avoid talking to people, to cut down on food and, of course (with a characteristic social dedication), to keep the economy buoyant. Above all, though, I smoke because I like it, a reason that must strike any psycho-analyst or motivation researcher as superficial, but which has satisfied me for quite a long time. If I smoke for any of the reasons that are forced on me by American cigarette advertisements . . . well, in my head-in-the-sand way, I prefer not to know.

Take a brand called Marlboro, for instance. This is a brand that appeals specially to chaps with hair on their wrists, or who want to have hair on their wrists and think by smoking Marlboro they will, somehow, grow it, or suppose alternatively that because they are seen smoking Marlboro people will assume, by a process of association, that they have hair on their wrists. In this case, you see, the motivation people discovered that it was commonly thought cissy to smoke cigarettes with filter tips and, since Marlboro are tipped, they set to work to overturn this prejudicial image. Their advertisements showed well-built, highly muscular chaps engaged in some form of manual labour—digging ditches, riding the range, skin-diving—and puffing away at, of course, Marlboro. They were all distinguished by the fact that they had, tattooed on the back of the hand, the Marlboro emblem. The Marlboro people even went so far as to circulate transfers so that smokers of their brand could have the tattoo. Whether this went down big at parties and rendered the girls weak-kneed I have no means of knowing. I could never bring myself to smoke that brand. I mean, if tipped cigarettes aren't for cissies, what cigarette is a fully-fledged cissy like me, satisfied with his station, to smoke? Now here is one group that isn't being catered for.

Unless, in their strange way, Viceroy cater for it. Viceroy produce "the thinking man's cigarette." Whether Viceroy are actually seeking acceptance among intellectuals—a daring move, because intellectuals, by and large, are associated in American eyes with Communism, the New Deal and un-American activities—or whether they are simply trying to sell intelligence

along with their fags, I can't be sure. Their television commercials went something like this. There's a shot of a white-haired, scholarly man reading the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; "Hullo," says the interviewer, "Are you a college professor?" "No," says the scholar, "I'm a janitor." "I see you're a thinking man," comments the interviewer. The pedant, gracefully accepting this homage, nods, and takes out a packet of cigarettes. "What brand of

cigarettes do you smoke?" asks the interviewer. The scholar takes one of those vast, unreal television-commercial puffs that takes the smoke down into the bladder and then regurgitates it, and says, with classic simplicity, "I smoke Viceroy—they have the thinking man's filter, the smoking man's taste." Unable to stomach this either, I took good care not to smoke Viceroy, and as a result I went around in America in a positive fever of embarrassment.



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Here was a thinking man (so, in my vanity, I cogitated) who didn't smoke Viceroy; suppose they ever caught up with me. In due course I learned to live with this discomfort, especially as I observed that very few thinking men did smoke Viceroy.

Then there was the brand that reacted to the challenge of the filter tip with the slogan, "You can light both ends." I liked this, but I feel that it opens up a new era in cigarette merchandising—cigarettes with filters at *both* ends, advertised "You can't light either end," for, of course, non-smokers. Because, you see, the problem of devising a cigarette for non-smokers has plagued the American tobacco industry for years. It gazes in fury at that vast, untouched audience of persons who say, when offered a cigarette, "I don't smoke." How to make them uncomfortable? How to make them feel mean? How to make them smoke non-cigarettes? The earliest attempts to deal with this problem seem, nowadays, almost naïve in their approach. There was the mentholated cigarette for people who didn't like the flavour of tobacco or for those who wanted to feel that, while they were contracting lung cancer, they were getting rid of bronchial catarrh. Then came the chocolate-flavoured cigarette (not yet, I think on the market, but waiting in the wings) for those who wanted to smoke and eat chocolates at the same time.

But now comes a brand-new approach that is almost fiendish in its subtlety; it constitutes, I think, the authoritative answer to the problem. The brand is called Tareyton; the product has two

filters, one white and one black, and the advertisements show a man cutting open the cigarette with a penknife to expose the filters inside. The copy runs: "There's a lot of satisfaction in pointing out something good to a friend. That's why it often happens that one cigarette out of a pack of Dual Filter Tareyton never does get smoked. People break it open to demonstrate its unique Dual Filter containing Activated Charcoal." The approach may not seem too revolutionary, but it is early days yet. Once the idea gains acceptance, we may expect to see on the market cigarettes expressly designed for breaking open. All sorts of goodies could be packed inside; filters of all colours, messages that tell your fortune,

small bags of caraway seeds. Artificial obsolescence has, I think, found a real footing in the tobacco industry and, next to inviting people to take loads of cigarettes out to sea and throw them overboard, there is no better way to take up the slack in production than that which Tareyton has mooted.

Still, I must admit I heaved a sigh of relief when I got home. Even though I began to feel after the last Budget that our Chancellor of the Exchequer depends on us smokers alone to keep the economy on an even footing and to pay off the backlog on the Blue Streak, I can still smoke a cigarette without that strange, nerve-racking suspicion that, from some convenient spy-hole, a motivation researcher is watching me.

A Political Testament

Willis Hindbag talks to BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

I THINK I am going Socialist. I don't know why really, except that I am fearful of the Tories remaining in office too long. They've been there nine years already and are beginning to look as permanent as Franco. Besides, I believe that Her Majesty's Government can function properly only when it has the stimulus of a healthy, active and reasonably united Opposition, and I think it's up to all of us to rally round and give the Tories what they need so urgently.

There's another thing too. In the Socialist Party you have a chance of

being labelled an intellectual, whereas nobody in the Conservatives is *ever* accused of this. I don't know why this should be, but I think Mr. Macmillan, Lord Hailsham and Co. ought to look into it. (Perhaps they've already seen the light: the Robens affair seems to suggest that they'd like to start building up on intellectuals.) I mean, being an intellectual is the next logical step up the social ladder, isn't it? Twenty years ago people like me were mostly workers or working-men or wage-earners or employees or (sometimes) just gainfully employed, and a lot of us voted Tory



because we wanted to climb up into the middle-classes. And that's where we are now. But human nature never stands still and before long—you see!—there'll be a strong movement among middle-class folk to get into the intellectuals' bracket. Only stands to reason. We don't want our children to be ashamed of their old mums and dads: we don't want them coming down from the varsity and thinking we've let them down by remaining stuffily affluent and middle-class. Aiming to be middle-class is all right when all you want is creature comforts, consumer durables, and so on: but once you've attained that status the questing mind leaps forward, I find, on the road to the summit of man's ambition. Yes, it's a pity there are no intellectuals in the Tory Party: it means I have no alternative but to throw in my lot with Crossman, Wyatt, Crosland, Jay, Foot, Gaitskell, and so on.

Of course it isn't easy to change one's party line these days. There's the H.P. to consider. I mean you never know with the Socialists, do you? If they got back to power they might reverse all the decisions of Macmillan's lot. They

might put the screws on H.P., kill Commercial telly, stop the Commonwealth breaking up, cancel State subsidies to shipping, aircraft, steel and farming. And although I'm almost ready to give up the old H.P., I'm not quite ready.

I'm dead keen on being an intellectual, and I think I know most of the angles. For instance, you never hear me say industry like a lot of middle-class types. It's industry for me every time. And I never say toilet or wallop or brolly. Of course being an intellectual isn't just knowing how to pronounce certain words and avoid others: it's got its serious side such as nuclear disarmament and being dead against the City, and paying slightly more tax than is strictly necessary and having no expense account, and being driven around by your wife. (Note: I regard this as a must. Nothing is more surely a badge of intellectualism than an inability to drive coupled with the possession of a mechanically-minded missus.)

Don't think I'm just sitting still, complacently, waiting for intellectualism to come to me. I spend hours studying to be an intellectual, chiefly by watching

TV, but also in a minor way by reading. It so happens that most of the speakers on TV are high-tone intellectuals. You see them on programmes like "Tonight", "Monitor", "Panorama", "Who Goes Next?", "What the Papers Say" and "Dotto". And they are all, by definition, Socialists or people pretending to be Socialists in order—out of a sense of duty—to bolster up the Opposition. I cannot say that I understand these people very often, but I like the way they talk in the accents of air hostesses or bishops. And in any case I vastly prefer them to such people as Victor Silvester, Billy Cotton, Bob Monkhouse, Cliff Michelmore, Tony Hancock and Peter O'Sullivan, all of whom I suspect of being Conservative and therefore non-intellectual.

You may say that I am wrong to swing Left merely in order to provide Macmillan with a foe worthy of his steel. You may say that the best way of putting the two sides of the House of Commons on debating terms is to weaken the Conservatives by splitting them. But how? A few of them want surtax to start at £4,000 instead of £2,000; also free prescribed medicines for private patients, tax-free private education, more flogging, capital punishment, and so on. Not much of a policy for a splinter group though, is it? Besides, these demands are strictly non-intellectual and I couldn't possibly support them, could I, now that I've set my sights on plain living and high thinking.

One could, I suppose, with tongue in cheek, forecast a certain amount of trouble by accusing certain Tories of intellectualism. But would the mud stick? Mr. Marples? Mr. Thorneycroft? Mr. Nabarro? Mr. Maudling? Mr. Macmillan? No, I can't see it. How can you make an intellectual out of a man (the P.M.) who has just been nominated (by Mr. Maudling) as the ideal model to promote the export of British men's wear?

Yes, I am going Socialist.

☆

"... The Price of Victory, a highly controversial book on the strategic aspects of the war ... R. W. Thompson, the military historian, argues urgently that on June 6th, 1944, was set the seal of Britain's defeat at the hands of the U.S.A. ..."

Bookseller

As early as that?





Flotsam

An expedition has returned from Mount Ararat after an unsuccessful attempt to confirm the existence of the remains of Noah's Ark. Aerial photographs appeared to show a rotted structure beneath the snow.

IT was after the hundred-and-fiftieth day,
When the Flood was finally dried,
They had sent the menagerie two by two
To fill the unfurnished world anew,
Till the last of their vanishing backs had been
Lost in the lush postfluvial green,
And the grunts and the bellowings died away
On the long wet mountain-side.

And the ship's company, tired of the trip,
Had gathered their gear below:
Puzzled to find how fond they had grown
Of the boxed-in berths that had been their own,
And half afraid of the new-found, wide,
Waiting wilderness over the side,
They had hung about in the silent ship,
Not wholly happy to go.

Everything even slightly small
Was bundled in bags and trunks;
Line and canvas, metal and wood,
Unscrewing whatever could be unscrewed
And beaten only by weight and bulk,
They had stripped her down to a standing hulk,
With the pencilled calendars up on the wall
And the pin-ups over the bunks.

And they in their turn went down the hill
With lebensraum and to spare:
And nothing came back to gnaw the wood,
And the weather, as promised by God, was good,
Till the climate changed in the world below
And a thin, preservative pall of snow
Covered the Ark, and does so still
In the cold dry upland air.

There it stands if you search for it,
Where it's stood these centuries long,
With the crabbed graffiti on shrunken walls
And over the rotted straw of the stalls
The names of the animals plain to see
In hieroglyphic or Linear B:
And the men who have cavilled at Holy Writ
Will have to admit they're wrong.

— CELIA HOLLAND



A cross-section of forebodings about British achievements in the Olympic Games

WHY WE LOSE AT GAMES



From the "Daily Express"

Blunders Blast Our Road to Rome

Express Echelon of Sports Staffmen

HIGHLIGHTING and climaxing a snarled-up chain of frustrations through-out the Olympic trial tracks of Britain yesterday came this bombshell, calculated to send Empire hopes hurtling over the horizon:

"Foreign food will betray our athletes."

The spokesman was a trainer who dare not reveal his name.

"Our lads are getting flabby," he declared. "All this time they've been denied their fair share of bodybuilding Canadian and Australian wheat, due to misguided tariff policy."

An even uglier exclusive revelation was this damning indictment of our team selection system by an authoritative weight-putter:

"Racial and religious prejudices are keeping out some of the best boys. It's the same sort of blind intolerance that stops Jews and Roman Catholics from running the Observer. Only the other day two promising sons of the manse were rejected by the javelin-throwing junta. Moreover it cannot

(Page ten, col. two)

From the

"Daily Telegraph"

The Laurels All are Cut

THOUGH, as I mentioned the other day, Queen Victoria never actually took part in an Olympic horse event



largely because these contests did not start until 1896, when she was 77, her seat was confident and poised, as this detail from a contemporary engraving shows.

Young riders representing our country in Rome might do worse—I confidently predict that they will—than study her carriage, notably the hands.

Show-jumping standards in Britain have declined since the days of the never-to-be-forgotten Foxhunter when, as Gilbert might have had in mind had he lived a little later, "Britain won her proudest bays."

For one thing equestrians get little encouragement from the Duke of Edinburgh, who, unlike the Queen, is rarely seen on a horse, except at polo, or even at a race meeting. Another factor is the widespread spoliation of parkland well adapted for jumping by Socialist-controlled councils in search of accommodation for "overspills," that barbarous word. Again,

From the "Spectator"

Totalitarian Victories

LAST week's sporting events included an ice-hockey match in which England was beaten 14—3 by Russia; a pelota match in which England was beaten by Barcelona Rovers 21—16, 21—5, 18—21, 21—3; and a halma match against Cuba in which England was beaten by 64 frames to nil. From this melancholy procession a recognizable pattern emerges. Wherever we have found ourselves up against a team from a dictatorship we have, as it was not difficult to forecast, emerged the loser.

The deduction, as one hears it made in the Long Room at Lord's and the dressing-rooms of Wembley Stadium, that dictatorships are therefore desirable things because they foster the winning spirit in sport is about as fallacious as it is possible for a deduction to be—even in those High Temples of the Establishment.

The fact is that a victorious record at sport is almost always indicative of a repressive régime. The reason for this is clear. A totalitarian government, anxious to bolster up its credit abroad, will have recourse to sporting victories when it has no better means at hand to inflate its reputation. Industry will be combed to find out the best players, who will be forcibly taken away from their local clubs in order to play for the national team.

In a democracy no such considerations apply. A democratic football side consists of men whose loyalty is first and foremost to the club whose colours they

*From
"The Queen"*

Another thing: compared with shot-putting, chemistry is IN. Mr. William Vulliamy is on the extreme right.

From "The New Scientist"

... that art students, whatever their other attainments, have not the same statistical record on the tracks as those on the science side. The first four-minute mile was run by a medical

From the "Daily Mirror"

SPORT, IT STINKS!

If you want to stir up something really unsavoury there is no better place to look for it than the world of sport.

At this very moment there is talk of big-scale doping of racehorses. Football players are accused of betraying their own sides. Politics has begun to show its evil head in cricket. For all I know, there are equally bad smells to be uncovered in tennis, rowing, badminton, lacrosse, hurley, tiddley-winks and, of course, rackets.

There was a time when British sportsmanship was a by-word all over the world.

To-day it stinks.

When I hear people complaining of the poor showing made by British teams in international sporting events, I know how I feel about it. If they can't behave a bit better on their own grounds, then our sides don't deserve to win when they are playing away.

Cat's Eye View

I have written about my cats before. I shall probably write about them again.

For those who take refuge from the nastier aspects of humanity in studying the silken courtesy of the felines, here

From "Panorama"

Robin Day is surrounded by excitable students in a sunlit Latin-American square.

DAY: Now, gentlemen, we won't solve this problem if you're all going to shout at once. You, sir—why do you think the British lag behind even you at sports?

1ST STUDENT (*chanting mechanically*): Lieutenant Joja our leader say "To-day they laugh, to-morrow we have tram-cars."

DAY (*with sad, mysterious smile*): Are you sure it isn't something to do with the peculiar quality of the light here? (*Jabbing his mike elsewhere*): You, sir! Do you deny that the air of Ogrovia is worth a five-yard start in a hundred-metre sprint? Why can't the British beat you at the long jump?

2ND STUDENT: Lieutenant Joja say we shall not be slave to Wall Street while there is breath left in our bone. (*Loud cheers.*)

DAY (*to the camera*): Good evening. This . . . is Domenjo, capital city of Ogrovia, still in the feverish aftermath of revolution. Here, naturally enough, the question on everyone's lips is "How did Britain lose her position as a first-class sporting nation?" (*Diving into the crowd again*): You, sir. Do you think your habit of taking a siesta in the afternoon tends to strengthen the muscles of the calf?

3RD STUDENT (*politely*): When I am small I have been visiting Glasgow.

DAY (*elbowing his way to a pretty girl in battle-dress*): You, miss. Do you think you would still excel at field sports if you had to eat an English breakfast every morning?

GIRL (*fingering her rifle*): We shall not be slave of Threadneedle Street. (*Loud cheers. Fireworks are let off.*)

Cut to two wicker chairs placed improbably in the middle of a vast lawn. DAY is sitting with a gentleman in white ducks.

DAY: I have with me now the Minister of Culture. Minister, how do you account for the fact that Ogrovia is seething with excitement about the state of British sport?

MINISTER: Who can tell?

Cut to Richard Dimbleby, who sits sombrely in front of a blown-up photograph of an English athlete floundering into a hurdle.

DIMBLEBY (*weighing his words carefully*): That was Robin Day, in Ogrovia. Now, I think I ought perhaps to tell you, at this stage, that we have with us here to-night, in this great studio, two gentlemen and a lady. (*Moves piece of paper on desk from L. to R.*) Two gentlemen and a lady whose integrity are, or rather I should of course say is, I need hardly tell you, unimpeachable. It is my intention to ask them presently, each and every one of them, to discuss, if they will, with Sir Mortimer Wheeler and Ludovic Kennedy, without any fear, and without any favour, of any sort or kind, the implications, far-reaching as they may very well be, of Robin Day's findings. They are, respectively, a consultant psychiatrist, Mr. Michael Foot, and Miss Judy Grinham. I shall of course, myself, be holding a watching brief. (*Throws head back and slightly to L., with shy smile. Then, composing himself*): But first. You may remember that at the very outset of this programme, you saw, those of you that is who were, in fact, watching, the beginning of an experiment. For the past twelve months, four specially selected British athletes have been living, at our expense, in Thailand, Czechoslovakia, Finland and Ohio respectively. A fifth has been stationed as usual in his native Leicestershire. These five gentlemen are now at the other end of the studio, where we in fact left them, twenty minutes ago, bouncing ordinary two-ounce tennis-balls, such as you might see on any fine summer afternoon at Wimbledon in Surrey, against a specially constructed brick wall. (*Rising*): I suggest that we go now, you and I, to ask them how they feel, and to find out whether there is, in fact, anything to be



Drinka Pinta Oila Day

By R. SQUIRE

I TOOK the car into the Palatial Garage for oil and grease. The foreman came over to see me, his face crinkled up with despair for all the cars in the world.

"You are worrying about the compulsory testing scheme for old cars," he told me, pressing down hard on the front wing, which happens to be a bit wobbly.

"It will be murder," he added flatly. I lit a cigarette like a non-smoker trying to bluff the firing squad.

"I only brought it in for oil and grease."

"Now you're being sarcastic. I can guess why, too. This morning you struggled for an hour with your poor old car, which is obviously a crash job painted up and unloaded on you by

some unscrupulous shark. It simply would not start. So you pushed it single-handed across town to the Palatial Garage. And when you get inside, half dead from fatigue, the foreman comes up and talks about compulsory inspection. Naturally you get sarky and say it only wants oil and grease." He ended with a bitter laugh.

"I wasn't being sarcastic. It only wants oil and grease."

"Joking again. Anyway, the boys will soon fix it. We understand cars like this one."

He walked away for five yards, turned suddenly and ran towards the back of the car. Then he jumped up in the air and landed on the back bumper. The car wobbled like a jelly.

"Shockers gone," he said. Then he got down on the floor and looked underneath.

"Chassis all bent and twisted." He got up, made a note on a job card and then looked in the bonnet.

"Bleed the brakes," he said, again making notes. "Sand-blast the plugs. New condenser, of course. Stack is leaking, better rip it out and put a new one in. Switch on and pull the starter, please."

"It starts all right. I just drove in here and there was nothing wrong with the engine but it wants oil and grease."

He reached into the works and tugged violently at some wires until the distributor came off.

"Pull the starter," he repeated, not



without a touch of impatience. I did so and the starter-motor keened away. The engine remained silent.

"See what I mean?" he asked. "Your engine won't start, will it? Listen to that starter-motor, too."

He pulled a wire inside the bonnet and the starter-motor began keening again, but this time he kept it going.

"Rough, isn't it?" he asked, and it did sound rough, too, like a badly blunted circular saw cutting wood with nails in it. But he kept it going till the battery weakened and the screeching noise subsided. There was still no sound from the engine.

"Battery is dodgy, too," he went on. "Looks to me like you've got your engine kaput, your starter-motor kaput and your battery kaput. How is your compression?"

"Kaput," I admitted. "It never has been much good but it takes me there and brings me back."

"I'll feel it," he said and went to rummage in my boot for the starting handle, which was underneath two sacks, a spade, an old trench coat and a roll of lino. While he searched I pushed the distributor back in place. He found the handle and gave the engine a couple of turns to feel the compression. He was just going to say something cutting when the engine suddenly started and the handle swung wildly out of his grasp. He fell forward and bumped his head on the radiator.

"Vicious car you've got," he said darkly, as though wishing he could send it to a psychiatrist to have its cylinders shrunk. "Bet it won't pass the compulsory inspection."

He could be right, too. Palatial Garage will probably be the local testing centre.

☆

Another World Than Ours

"SIR,—As a student nurse at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, only two blocks away from Madison Avenue, I particularly enjoyed your article on the new dance, 'the Madison' (April 4). Almost everyone around here is learning this dance—from the little children in the neighborhood to the medical students, doctors and nurses. It is quite therapeutic too. You should see our patients perk up and cry, 'It's Madison time!' whenever the tune is heard on the radio.

In this age of Westerns, I am surprised you neglected to mention one step, 'the Rifleman.' This is performed by hopping backwards on one foot and shooting an imaginary gun."—Letter to Time



How Few in How Long

By DAVID WEST

IN twenty-five minutes Bumper and Wideball have already bowled six overs and the score is eight for no wicket.

The batsmen, Hanif McBailey and Blockham, haven't looked too comfortable. At least twice McBailey has put his bat against a ball that wasn't going to hit the stumps. Once he even looked as if he was thinking of going for a run, but he wisely changed his mind. What's that? Yes, I agree there's no law against the batsmen scoring runs in the first hour of a Test Match, but there are thirty hours to score runs in.

Blockham intends the bowlers to make runs for him. In the third over he ducked beautifully to one of Bumper's bouncers and the ball went over Stumper's head for four byes. But just now he couldn't get his bat away from a ball just wide of the leg stump and it went down to fine leg for four. This was obviously an accident, but the batsmen shouldn't hit boundaries in the first hour even by accident.

Blockham and McBailey have now been in for eighty minutes. They've been a bit venturesome at times and the score has gone up to 27. The spin bowlers are on now and they're bowling craftily for run-outs. They've got four fieldsmen in the region of extra cover, so deep that an ordinary batsman might be tempted to try for two runs off one stroke. In fact just now Blockham nearly fell into the trap, but McBailey sent him back.

We've only forty minutes left before lunch and no doubt for the rest of the period the batsmen will concentrate on avoiding the temptation to get runs.

About five minutes to go and owing to some alarming errors by the batsmen the score has already reached forty. Bumper is bowling again and he's just trapped McBailey into hitting him for four. It was a high bouncer outside the off stump and the batsman seemed to forget he was playing in a Test. He played a stroke almost like the obsolete

late cut. It might have been a catch to second slip if there had been a second slip.

Bumper is walking back to his mark. He's walking slower than usual and he's going back farther. He doesn't mean to leave time for another over before lunch. There's the risk that another run might be scored, and already the batsmen have put on forty in just under two hours.

It's an hour after lunch and there have been some dramatic ups and downs. A wicket has fallen, but the batsmen have decided that attack is the best form of defence and in the past forty minutes they've put on sixteen runs.

Blockham and McBailey played themselves in very sensibly after lunch. For twenty minutes they tried to score no runs, and they succeeded. Then McBailey failed to miss a ball that was passing his off stump, and gave a catch behind the wicket. That was McBailey, caught Stumper bowled Bumper, 16. It's very disappointing, for we've often seen McBailey bat longer and score fewer.

Well, after that, Strokeless came in and for forty minutes he's played very correctly apart from scoring a couple of runs that were forced on him by the impetuosity of Blockham. Blockham seemed to be unsettled by the loss of his partner. He made a couple of scoring strokes in one over, and once he put the ball in the air within ten yards of a fieldman.

But now he's just played a maiden. He knows it's not the time to take any more risks, for the new ball must be due in another fifteen overs or so.

They're going in for tea, and the score is 75 for 2. Strokeless had been playing very comfortably and made five in seventy minutes. He seemed to be right on top of the bowling and had just played four consecutive balls from Offbreak with his pads. Then the bowler deceived him by sending down a plain straight ball and Strokeless was leg before. So that was 68 for 2 in three and a half hours.

This must be the last over of the day. Since five o'clock the batsmen have concentrated on being there at six-thirty.

They've been in for six hours and lost only two wickets. The score, did you ask? Oh, yes, it's 107 for 2. Blockham has been batting all day and, apart from his reckless period early in the afternoon, he hasn't looked worried. He's been on 49 for the past twenty-five minutes. He resisted all temptations to race for his fifty on the first day, even when some ignorant spectators gave him the slow handclap.

Here comes the last ball. It's a full

toss, but they won't catch Blockham like that. He sees it's going wide of the wicket, so he makes no stroke.

The players are coming in now, and ten thousand spectators are applauding them. There were twenty thousand at the start but half of them have gone away. Some of them shouted something about having come here to see a game of cricket. Don't they know this is a Test Match? How dumb can some people be?



"Well, that should take care of any evil spirits around these parts!"

Gwyn Thomas's School Days



1. Comfort Me With Apples

A school is unlike any other place of work. We cannot know what in forty years from now will be the fruit or the doom of the sentences that fall day in, day out from our lips. In the dimmish night where teacher and taught quietly mutilate each other one needs some pretty luminous phobias.

TO leave this earth with a bias against eating is a sad thing. But no one who has ever supervised, at frequent intervals, the organized feeding of three to four hundred boys can ever feel the same again about the crude delight of gorging. You would never imagine that potatoes and gravy could ever become instruments of terror. But they can.

I have seen school meals develop from a casual detail of academic life to become the central arch of our school system. An administrative official who will listen with total insouciance to a master railing at the non-arrival of essential texts will swing into a Salem witch-hunt if he finds that a boy who has been marked present in the dinner register has been marked absent in the attendance register on the same day. Guns boom and careers totter and teachers would be well advised to compile as soon as possible a dossier of boys who call in to school just for the meal.

In my own schooldays catering arrangements were sketchy. No cooked meals were provided. One brought along sandwiches of the simplest possible kind, cheese and tomato in the main. Boys whose fathers were in trade or luck might turn up with sandwiches of roast pork and they were treated as Brahmins. The smoother-haired among the under-dogs were allowed to touch the hem of their paper-wrappers. We were allowed to eat our food in our form rooms. We had an assistant headmaster, Mr. Giles, who was not happy about this. He had a neurotic dread of rodents. He was a lay-preacher whose constant sermonic theme was things that come creeping without reason or mercy out of the dark. He had noted that our eating habits were untidy and he was right. In the present litter-conscious age we would have been gyved and juggled in a matter of weeks. Many of us came long distances on foot. If we lived anywhere but on

the tram or train routes that ran down the valley bed it was impossible to get home to lunch, and the wrapped snack, of necessity minute against the weird economic backcloth of that oddly pinheaded period, could be slipped into the pocket. The few who attempted to trek home at midday, between the poor diet and the killing slopes, wound up with number-one curvatures that allowed them, on dry days, to be wheeled along like hoops. By the time the lunch interval came around we were starved, and when we tore the paper wrapping from our ration greedy haste often caused us to tear the sandwiches apart and there was a fair overspill on the floor.

Mr. Giles was convinced that this was attracting vermin, and time and again as we were half-way through a happy bite he would throw open the door and appear, his arms up, like Tiresias, and shout: "Careful with the crumbs, boys, the rats are returning." He was no condiment, and we tried to convey to him by way of the debating society or anonymous notes that a rat would need to be genuinely Welsh or daft about valleys to hang about our region during those years.

Unless it was not raining heavily he forced us to do our eating on the field behind the school. A careful, analytical stare at the lunches that had been brought was an ordnance survey map of penury. Dickensian as one might think one's own collection of dainties to be, there was always someone alongside who was even deeper in the trench. And nothing ever went to waste. This was siege economy with no one quite sure about who was on which side of the wall. One might, on days of climactic darkness, find the bread too stale, the tomato too hard, the cheese too defiant, and the hand would move to throw the stuff away. But it never reached ground level. There was always a group of pilot fish ready to snap up any unwanted trifle, however repulsive. And there would even appear, at the school railings, drifts of overt starvelings from a near-by sub-slum. Passing out the odd sandwich to these pallid elements, gaping with gratitude, was about the only bit of moral lift we had during that decade.

If we were in the money we could go into an annexe of the caretaker's house and have a cup of tea or some very dark, fundamental cocoa. The caretaker's wife was a benevolent



woman who got pleasure from seeing something warm going into our bodies. But the caretaker himself was a much more involved person. If you had asked him for his view on boys or hot drinks you would not have had a straight or simple answer. He was known, for the slow, sombre way he had of walking down to his boiler room leaning heavily on a long-bristled broom, as Pluto. As a young man he had been entombed in a mine that had suffered explosion and flood. He was one of very few survivors and he had made his mark on the area's chapel life, going around relating his adventures in the dark and thanking God for his deliverance, and asking pointedly why he had been singled out for this favour. His experience below ground had given him a limited view of man's sensual needs. While still young he had been given the caretaker's job, which was regarded as dry and safe and a bit of a reward for having been singled out. He also became a deacon with a special line in detecting girls in carnal action out of wedlock. There was a lush, ferny patch behind the school much liked by lovers, and we supposed that Pluto had found some observatory, probably the school's squat bell-tower, from which he could spot and tick off the performers as they came into view.

Boys he disliked intensely. He regarded us as the only thing seriously wrong with the school. He did not like the furnace which heated his boilers, but most of the time we were ahead by a neck, especially when he had us sitting around on the piles of coke down in the cellar drying out after a walk of three or four miles through the local monsoon. He had fought hard against his wife's wish that we should be allowed into the annexe of his house to have something warm to go with the chillier type of sandwich. He would stand by the door of the annexe when we were there in force, leaning on his broom, a needlessly thick article especially made, we thought, for caretakers with a bias against life. If he saw anyone dawdling over his cocoa or resorting to even the mildest sort of horseplay to pass the year on, he would let us have one on the buttocks with the handle of his broom. There are still men in that area whose whole outlook on love was deformed by having their lips scalded in mid-smack by an unexpected whack from Pluto. Some time later he became a county councillor and a pioneer petitioner for full-scale school-meals. In a public tribute to him this was pointed out as the most brilliantly Christian act of his life, the last distillation of pity from his ordeal in that living tomb. Actually it was the only way he could think of of getting us



out of his annexe. In a special dining-hall he did not have to see us eat. He went on to become a national officer of the Municipal Workers' Union. I met him a few weeks ago. He is now caustic, calm and undogmatic. He has ceased to be a county councillor and firmly believes that the wanton distribution of food out of public funds is a lethal knock to moral stability.

The first grammar school in which I taught was in the deep West of Wales. The school dinners were already there, but they had not yet achieved the pompous formality of to-day. They had the desultory air of a picnic but they were enough all the same to prompt some powerful phobias in the headmaster. He had been brought up in the shadow of a sect that had peddled a diluted brand of primitive communism. He had also run smack into Proudhon at some point in his university course when he was running away from something else. He believed that since the town in which he lived was the very clasp of an agricultural belt it was monstrous that the County Council, he and the children should be involved in a cash deal to provide a simple thing like lunch. He put this point constantly to the pupils. At the beginning of one September term he made his big throw on this front. He harangued the assembly for twenty minutes, denouncing the idiocy of having to buy produce for such a classically social activity as school meals when all around them food was springing from the earth at all points except those where farmers were actually sitting on it. He dressed the farmers down with fierce thoroughness, calling them recessives, curmudgeons, victims of a funeral-serge mentality. He would not go all the way with Caradoc Evans, for he had, in truth, seen little of active lechery among the byres. He invited them to step forward into the light of a warmer ethic. The school, he said, would be open that week for their gifts of food. "Anything but apples. Of apples we have enough."

He was proud of the speech. He felt that for the first time something had really got through, that Proudhon was already knocking on the door of two farmhouses in three. He called in to the staff-room and told us that he was going to keep the gymnasium free for the whole week to serve as a warehouse for the carcasses of beef, sides of bacon, crates of prime vegetables that were bound to come pouring in.

During the following week cars, vans and carts appeared very fitfully in the yard of the school. Senior pupils were assigned to the job of smiling a welcome to the visitors and pointing out the gym, explaining that that was where the gifts were to be laid. Very little jollity came back from the faces of the visiting farmers. Some of them had come along only to tell the head to dry up and stop mentioning Caradoc Evans in the hearing of their children. Others had come to point out that potatoes would be a lot dearer after the dry summer. A few actually shouldered sacks into the gym and seemed to get real pleasure from tossing their burdens on to the floor. We made a check. There was no meat, no prime vegetables. But the school got a couple of tons of apples. It was a good autumn for apples and for close on a year the dinner scheme lay under a pall of stewed pippins with a cook who distrusted sugar.

Next week: Grace and Gravy

Mating Point

Brockenhurst Farmers' Union, in fear of being overrun by escaped mink, have been told that the chances of male and female specimens meeting and breeding in the New Forest are small.

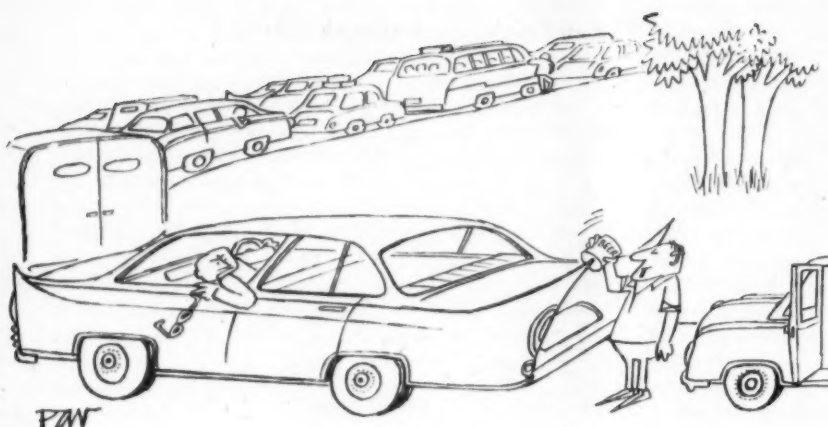
THE thought of being bred for pelts
Makes mink in cages queasy;
But finding freedom, somewhere else
Outside, is far from easy.

Rare, there, the meeting of the mink—
And rarer still the mating:
No wonder mink that wander think
The Forest so frustrating!

But faithful ones will rise above
The risk of farmers' rages:
They'll sacrifice themselves for love—
And stay inside their cages.

— ANTHONY BRODE





Random Spymen

By H. F. ELLIS

AFTER I had read in the *Daily Express* that photographs of an American ICBM underground launching site in course of construction had been published "in American technical magazines," thus providing the Russians with "exactly the sort of picture for which the U-2 was sent on its hazardous mission," I rang up Colonel Goosefoot, whose unusual name cloaks one of the keenest intelligences in the U.S. Counter-espionage Department.

"Colonel," I said, "these photographs in American technical magazines showing in the clearest detail—"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes," he said. "The advert. Issued by the Martin Company."

"It doesn't matter whether it's an advert or not," I said. "The point is that even I, with my untrained eye, can make out no fewer than eleven holes in the ground of a circular nature—"

"You mean round?" he said.

"—two of them being of very considerable diameter—a diameter, let me add, that can be exactly determined, as the *Express* rightly points out, by reference to the cars visible on the right of the photograph. To an expert

Russian interpreter, skilled in the evaluation of apparent trivia—"

"Aw, Jeez!"

"Don't give me any of that 'Aw, Jeez' stuff, Colonel," I said warmly. "You perhaps do not realize that I have in front of me, as of now, not a mere monochrome reproduction of the original advertisement but the thing itself, in full colour, measuring thirteen inches by eleven-and-a-half and forming, together with some congratulatory cackle, the whole middle spread of the *New Yorker* for May 28, nineteen hundred—"

"Technical magazine, eh?" the Colonel said.

"—and sixty. The precise nature of the magazine is immaterial. What does matter is that it can readily be obtained by Russian agents. With no apparatus more elaborate than an ordinary hand magnifying glass I am able to determine that the roofs of a number of the on-site buildings are green, that the interior of the right-hand of the two larger holes is lined with some reddish substance, possibly brick, and that no guard appears to be posted at the entrance. From the shadow cast by a man walking away from the building with the bluish roof (just to the left of

those two sunken constructions that resemble pork pies) it is possible to tell either that he is taller than he looks or that it is about half-past four in the afternoon. Taking these factors into consideration and slowly traversing the magnifying glass leftwards in the direction—Hey! Colonel! What are these two great silver tubes sticking north and south out of that kind of escarpment at an angle of one-o degrees to the horizontal? For pity's sake, man—"

"Would they be staples?" the Colonel suggested.

"Staples!" I said.

"They hold the magazine together, kind of," he said. "Run your finger up and down the middle gutter there and you'll maybe find a couple more hush-hush emplacements."

"Oh," I said. "Yes. I see. But don't kid yourself that's the kind of mistake a trained Russian interpreter would make. It's all very well to sit there laughing, but just take a look at that curiously shaped wood over there to the left of all that churned-up ground. Got it? All right, don't you realize that anyone with a map of the States showing curiously shaped woods is sooner or later going to spot that identical one, and there you are—you've not only shown them what this strategically vital base looks like, you've told them where it is. Have you all gone crazy over there?"

There was a long silence at the other end.

"Have they got you?" I asked.

"I was just wondering how to put it," the Colonel explained. "Look, you've heard of the deterrent?"

"Naturally."

"It's meant to deter, see?"

"Well?"

"So it can't deter unless they know we've got it, see? So we don't want a lot of damn spies snooping round to see whether we've got it, see? So we show 'em we have got it—and the Martin Company pays for the ad."

"By God, it's ingenious," I said. "You mean if these things were kept secret, even from the *Daily Express*—"

"You want to shake out those moths and get contemporary," he told me. "Where'd be the sense of putting the whole damn shoot underground if nobody knew it was there? It isn't as if we were going to use it."

"No," I said slowly. "No. I see. The only thing is, in that case, why don't the Russians show us theirs?"

"That had us worried too," he said. "Sometimes you'd think they don't understand the first principles of deterrent warfare. We had to use the U-2 to help them out there."

"There's one other thing," I said, when I had digested this. "There's a lot of talk over here about dispersing our hydrogen bombers. Moving them around you know, 'at random' so they say. Now surely——"

"That's it," he said. "Keep the deterrent flexible. Missiles too. Stir them around. You don't want the enemy to think he can wipe out the deterrent before it has a chance to deter, now do you?"

"No," I agreed. "So long as you don't move them around so fast that the Russians can't be sure they are there at all."

"Leave that to me," he said. "I'll see that they know where they all were yesterday all right."

"You fellows certainly can plan," I said admiringly. "But I don't quite see how this site in the photograph here fits in. Don't tell me you've got the trick of moving holes in the ground about at random?"

"Oh that!" he said, chuckling. "Who cares if they know the whereabouts of a few empty holes in the ground?"

"What about when they aren't empty?" I asked.

"No comment," he said.

"Oho!" I said. "So that's it. You mean they will never—— You mean it's a decoy site, eh?"

"Don't crowd me," he said. "Don't crowd me, boy!"

"But if it's a decoy site," I said, worrying the thing through, "you'll have to make sure they *know* it's a decoy site. Otherwise they might be tempted to have a shot at it, and you don't want that."

"No comment," he said.

"Nobody's listening," I said. "Those trawlers have moved on."

"Of course they're listening," he said impatiently. "Why else d'you suppose I'd be wasting all this time talking to you?"

Sometimes I think I don't know the first principles of deterrent warfare.

Strange Encounter

Two gentlemen, neither young nor old, their expressions at once care-worn and cavalier, both obviously English intellectuals with a message, limped into Bouverie Street the other afternoon bearing an envelope like an Olympian torch. We made them as comfortable as possible, and here, willing as usual to discharge our duty as overseers of the cultural ephemera of these islands, and glad as always to assist a contemporary publication in a scholarly cause, we publish their communication in full:

To the Editor of *Punch*,

SIR,—A remarkable questionnaire has recently been addressed to us through the post. Headed 100, Bayswater Road, W.2, it had been compiled by Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Young, who wrote as follows:

We are trying to find out how British intellectuals are influenced by and oriented towards other countries; the results will be published in *Encounter*. The enclosed form of questions is



"Calling Jupiter. Calling Jupiter . . . Reporting from lifeless asteroid. Over to you—over."

being sent to twenty each of . . . eighteen professions.

The professions listed include biologists, political and strategic theorists, theologians and ballerinas. In the capacities of a student archaeologist and an amateur theologian, we are, of course, only too delighted to comply with such a request, however arduously taxing the task may be.

Encounter, as its most admiring readers would agree, enjoys only a limited circulation in three capitals and, since this questionnaire is obviously of the most urgent cultural purpose to

us all (even in the provinces they need bread), we are taking the liberty of answering these questions in public. To do so we would request the courtesy of your columns.

There are forty questions to be answered altogether, and we can deal with only a few of the basic ones. Here are some of Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Young's questions and our considered reactions to them:

Q. What languages other than English do you know—bilingually with English?

A. Psephology.



"Him we don't mind so much."

Q. Do you mean to learn any more? If so, which?

A. Russian and Sanskrit.

Q. What languages, living or dead, would you like, or have liked, your children to learn? Up to four in order.

A. Greek, French, Russian and Sanskrit. (As Catholics, our children would have already learned Latin at an early age, through habit.)

Q. What countries other than Britain have you worked in alongside its people?

A. Culturally boulevarded in Paris for many years alongside Mr. Paul Johnson. (JR.)

Q. What countries other than Britain have you worked in not alongside its people, e.g. military service, international organizations, archives, etc.?

A. Indian Army and internal security, as Intelligence Corps sergeant in Ceylon (1944-46) alongside Sikhs, Punjabis, Rajputs, Gurkhas, Tamils, Singalese, Burghers, dacoits and Highlanders. (JR.)

A. All countries that I have visited alongside Mr. Selwyn Lloyd. (HF.)

Q. Been to conferences or on brief professional visits in?

A. Turin, Florence, Madrid, Edinburgh, Athens and Istanbul. (In the two last-named, I was personally chaperoned by Sir Maurice Bowra, M.A., D.Litt., Hon.Litt.D. Dublin, Docteur h.c. Paris, Aix, Commandeur de la Legion D'Honneur, etc., etc.) (JR.)

A. Athens, Ankara, Nicosia, Salisbury, Rhodesia, and Pretoria, in attendance at press conferences called by the Right Hon. Harold Macmillan, Chancellor of Oxford University and vice-president of the Franco-British Society. (HF.)

Q. Have you ever thought of emigrating, if so, where? First three countries in order.

A. Cornwall. (HF.)

A. Rome, or, much later in life, if spared, Connemara. (JR.)

Q. Which of the following means of communication are the most important to you in following work done abroad? First three in order.

A. Offprints blue, whatever they may be, sent by individuals.

Q. Which of the following seventeen countries would you consider it a complete waste of time to inform yourself about as sources of interesting ideas in your profession? Up to five.

A. Five seem hardly enough, but we would not wish to cause embarrassment to any country with a branch of the P.E.N. club.

Q. To what extent do you feel that your professional methods and values have been formed by developments in your profession during the last thirty years outside Britain? Entirely? Largely? To some extent? Not at all?

A. Entirely by Harvard. Largely by Princeton. To some extent by Minnesota. Not at all by Salt Lake City. (HF.)

A. Entirely by *Le Canard Enchaîné*. Largely by *France-Soir*. To some extent by *Paris-Match*. Not at all by the *Evergreen Review*. (JR.)

Q. Here are twelve fields. How do you assess British achievement in each of them. Very good, good, moderate, poorish, negligible? [The fields offered include Religion, foreign policy, relations between the sexes, food and domestic interiors.]

A. To each of these in order:—Broad, poorish, negligible, no longer negligible, good where interior decorators are not employed.

Q. From which of the following have you got something? Up to six: Auden, Berdyaev, Berenson, Brecht, Croce, Eliot, Faulkner, Gandhi, Lenin, Mann, Myrdal, Pasternak, Paton, Russell, Sartre, Suzuki, Tutuola, Weber.

A. Got something from all of them, but we feel much better now.

Q. Which of the following do you find most expressive of the human condition? Up to four in order: Arthurian cycles, Buddhist cosmology, Christian hagiography, the Greek myths, Grimm and Andersen, Hindu cosmology, the Hobbit cycle of Tolkien, New Testament, Norse and Germanic sagas, Old Testament.

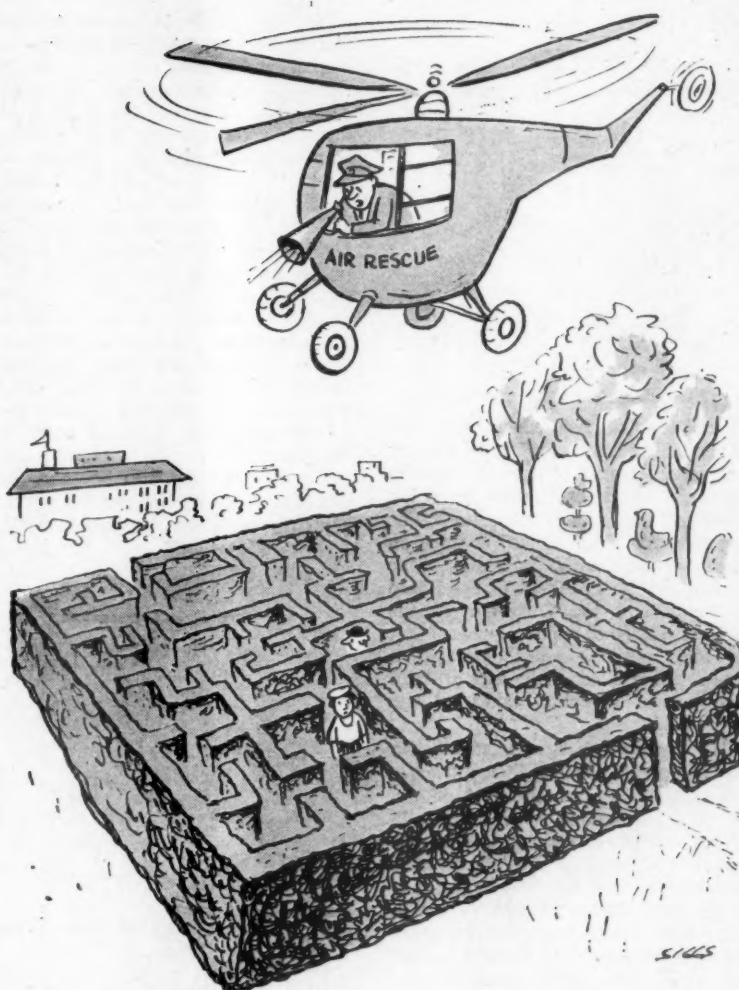
A. Grimm and Andersen—in that order. (JR.)

A. Andersen and Grimm—in that order. (HF.)

Q. Which of the following do you feel most part of? Up to four in order: Christendom, the Commonwealth, the English-speaking world, Europe, mankind, the West.

A. We accept them all and feel, like Carlyle, that Gad, we'd better!

Q. Which of the following do you consider the greatest dangers facing the world? Up to four in order: Capitalism, militarism, China, original sin, Communism, population increase, the H-bomb, racial tension, any other.



"First left, then left again and again, then right..."

A. Original sin and any other. (JR.)

A. Original sin and population increase—in that order. (HF.)

Q. Do you think that the relative importance of Britain in the world in the last fifteen years has increased, remained steady, or decreased?

(a) In your own profession.

(b) In the whole field of intellectual pursuits.

A. (a) Remained steady.

(b) Decreased largely through the influence of Richard Dimbleby the *Evening Standard* book page, Glyndebourne, Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper, Miss Nancy Spain, Sir John Rothenstein, the Arts Council, the

British Council, the British Travel Association, Proust in paper-backs, the Cheltenham Book Fair, Reg Butler, and the collected works of Mr. Isaac Deutscher.

N.B.—Those who were puzzled by the strange conclusions reached in Mr. Wayland Young's last intimate inquiry—on that occasion, if memory serves us, it was into the motives of prostitutes—need not be puzzled any longer. His questions to them, like his questions to us, must have been designed with a pertinacity which we then clearly underestimated. We remain, etc.

—HENRY FAIRLIE AND
JOHN RAYMOND

In the City



More Cash on the Counter

THE item of news which more than any other has convinced the pundits that more strokes of the credit lash are about to descend upon us is the continued boom in retail sales. The statistics for May have cocked an irreverent snook at the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade and the Governor of the Bank of England. They suggest that the hire purchase restrictions which were re-introduced at the end of April have proved so much water off the duck's back.

The Board of Trade estimates that in sales of durable goods such as refrigerators, cookers and washing machines, the new restrictions have led to "a modest reduction compared with the high level of a year earlier." Indeed the experience of Hoovers, who have had to lay off some 800 workpeople or one in ten of their labour force, confirms this. But Hoovers are probably more vulnerable than some other manufacturers of household equipment because they command a little less of that fashionable quality of diversification than certain other groups. When their durable consumer goods are less in demand such firms as English Electric and A.E.I. can take the strain by shifting resources to other sections of their groups which are unlikely to suffer in the same way at the same time.

For retail trade as a whole any reduction in sales of articles which depend largely on the H.P. contract has been more than made good by increased cash sales. Money is still fructifying abundantly in the pockets of the people and in their bank accounts—even in their overdrafts, for the banks appear to find it inordinately difficult to reverse the steady climb in their loans and advances. That, incidentally, is yet another reason why most people in the City expect another twist of the credit squeeze.

The boom in retail trade was exemplified at its most dignified level in last week's publication of the Harrods results for the 12 months from January 21. Alas, these no longer have the direct interest they once possessed for a large number of private investors, but for the thousands of fortunate partners of Mr. Hugh Fraser in the ownership of his far-flung empire the figures are highly significant. The Harrods trading profits have risen by 10 per cent and the net figure is up by 22 per cent, the margin between these two reflecting a commendable increase in efficiency. On the basis of the House of Fraser figures announced a few days ago it would seem that Harrods must now be contributing about half the profits of the group.

There were some superior and condescending smiles in the City when Mr. Fraser made his final and successful

bid for Harrods. "This is the first time," it was said, "that Glasgow has paid 8s. in the pound too much for anything bought south of the border." It already looks as though the last laugh will be with Mr. Fraser.

Now a word about a group whose products fill many of those rapidly turned-over shelves—Courtaulds. Its net income for the past year has risen spectacularly and the dividend has been stepped up from 9½ per cent to 12½ per cent. There should be still better things to come, for the latest profits do not fully reflect the results of the group's recent efforts in diversification—into paint, packaging, plastics, petro-chemicals and the export of complete industrial plants (two building in Russia and one in Yugoslavia). Until a year or so ago Courtaulds' shares had a stodgy investment reputation; they look like making amends for this.

— LOMBARD LANE

In the Country



Back to Nature with My Back to the Wall

IF you are looking for an issue to face, I can strongly recommend the one I am looking at nowadays. I have to decide whether (and if so, when) the accelerating industrialisation of agriculture is going to blot me out, or whether you, the sentimental, subsidy-paying public, are going to finance me to remain in picturesque attitudes among my obsolete but ornamental buildings. Will you continue to pay me to expiate vicariously your shame and doubt about the comforts of Civilization or will I be another sacrifice on the altar of Progress?

In 1958, 678 Welsh farms ceased to exist, but farms over 100 acres increased in number. Misleading as statistics can be, these indicate at least a rural upheaval, even though many of the farms which vanished were probably part-time smallholdings.

Since the war the tide has been rolling much faster on the heels of the least efficient, and, as all the new

techniques of cheaper production demand larger and yet larger units, this means the heels of the smallest farmers. I am dry-footed so far, but the thought of the next seventh wave gives me ulcers.

The Government has attempted to stem the flood by subsidizing small farms even more heavily with the object of making them as efficient as the larger ones. A lot of money is flowing out to many hard-pressed yeomen and to others. This has helped to lift some of us out of reach of the advancing waves but it has not changed the direction of the tide which we know will reach us again some day.

So I just sit and ponder. Can I increase the scale of my farming so that I can use the newest and most efficient systems? Well, I can try. Or is your love of my pastoral charm enough to make you dig deeper into your pocket? I hope so.

I suppose the most I can do is spread the risk and pray for the best, so I am preparing a scheme for the expansion of my farming enterprise, and I shall go to my tailor tomorrow to be measured for a smock. — LLEWELYN WILLIAMS

☆

"The Glamorgan batting, with Parkhouse failing and Watkins recovering, sad to say, from an attack of asthma . . ."

Daily Telegraph

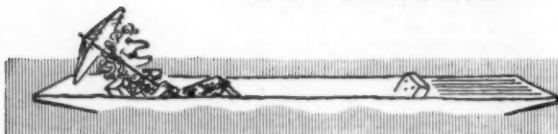
Come, come, none of these Laker digs.

Honeymoon Hotel

by *Larry*



criticism



AT THE PICTURES

A Generation
The Unforgiven

IT'S a pity when one has to see the first film of a trilogy a year after the last and several years after the second. The Polish *A Generation* (Director: Andrzej Wajda) was made in 1954, to be followed by *Kanal*, and by *Ashes and Diamonds* which we saw about this time last year, and to do it justice one ought to remember that fact and think of it as a beginning. But the automatic, half-conscious reaction is to compare it with the others as something fresh, and thus it seems less satisfactory than *Ashes and Diamonds*. It says less: it is more obvious, simple and matter-of-fact, in what I think of as the typically

Russian or East European manner; but both because of its position in the trilogy and because the director was just that much less experienced, so it naturally would be.

The story is straightforward and basically not unfamiliar. Occupied Poland in 1942; the youths graduating from what they regard as the "game" of pilfering coal from German supply trains to membership of the Communist resistance; love between one of them and the beautiful girl leader of the group; gun battles with the Germans; and finally the Gestapo's capture of the girl, upon which the boy succeeds her in command of the group and "the fight goes on" (dot dot dot). It's a cliché ending and can only be summed up in a cliché.

But to concentrate on the mere what-happened-then is in the circumstances, as I suggest, unfair. Just as with *Ashes and Diamonds*, the strength of this one comes from human character—though here it is more superficially presented—and the details of people's lives and behaviour. We do get a real idea of what it must have meant to have been young and uncertain in those appalling years. For the moment it may seem almost comic when Stach (Tadeusz Lomnicki) is given a lesson in elementary Marxism by an older workmate, listening with wondering interest to an explanation of how "an old man with a beard" once pointed out that the bosses were really getting the money their workers had earned; this is one of the scenes that seem characteristically, rather flat-footedly "Russian"; nevertheless it is precisely the sort of thing that must have happened. More obviously striking is the study of another youth, Jasio (Tadeusz Janczar), who is recruited more or less against his will but is fascinated by the feel of a gun in his hand (and lost without it), who is horrified at first when he kills a German at close quarters but then laughs hysterically as he goes on pumping bullets into the body, and cannot resist swaggering and boasting about it afterwards. As a whole, the film's picture of "a generation" is impressive: full of character, and often moving.

The remarkable things about *The Unforgiven* (Director: John Huston) are first the name of the director and second the fact that it is a production from the firm of Hecht-Hill-Lancaster (which I can only suppose has been given a stern talking-to by its "front office" for being too uncommercial). *Variety*, I see, calls this

an "adult" Western; I call it hokum—high-class hokum, and visually beautiful, but still hokum. It's quite entertaining as a big spectacular (Panavision, Technicolor) Western, but "adult" my foot. Flying the flag of the outfit that made (e.g.) *Sweet Smell of Success*, and from this highly respected director, it's baffling—except, as I suggest, on the assumption that all concerned were told by the accounts department to make something more popular and keep the shareholders happy.

The scene is Texas soon after the Civil War; Audrey Hepburn appears as the adopted foundling daughter of a cattle-owning family, and the dramatic tensions arise from the rumour (spread by a vengeful mysterious old man with a sabre, straight out of Faulkner) that she is a Kiowa Indian. The locals of course have a fanatical hatred of all Indians, but as it is plain quite early in the film that the head of the family (Burt Lancaster), whom she has always regarded as her brother, has a more than brotherly love for her, the ending is predictable—though it doesn't come till after a siege of the ranch-house at which every Paleface bullet knocks a stunt-man from his horse and nearly all the Indian ones miss.

The strong points here are the details and oddities of ranch life (the cow on the roof, Tuesday is bread-making day, the family meal where the brief solemn grace is followed by the brisk order "Turn your plates over and hop to") and the sheer spectacle (the screen full of wild horses, the thundering herd, the magnificent breadth of landscape). It's nearly all lovely to look at.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews.)

In memory of Jacques Becker, who died early this year, his charming comedy *Edouard et Caroline* (26/9/51) is revived in the same programme as *A Generation*. The better of the two Wilde films, *The Trials of Oscar Wilde* (8/6/60), has found a London theatre. *Never Let Go* (15/6/60) has scenes of violence and brutality, but I insist it's good. Also in London: *Black Orpheus* (8/6/60), *Le Testament d'Orphée* (1/6/60), and a most successful Disney version of *Kidnapped*.

Never Let Go (90 mins.) is also among the releases, and another is *Sergeant Rutledge* ("Survey," 15/6/60—111 mins.). Now I'm having three weeks off.

— RICHARD MALLET



[*The Unforgiven*

Mattilda Zachary—LILLIAN GISH

AT THE OPERA

A Midsummer Night's Dream
(ALDEBURGH FESTIVAL)

ONE test of new music is whether you find bits of it floating unbidden in your head the following morning. In the case of Benjamin Britten's new opera after Shakespeare's comedy this happened to me the morning after the dress rehearsal. It is happening still. I am for ever tinkering with the vocal score on my piano.

There is the seventh-chord that recurs like a spasm of pain when Lysander (sung by George Maran) awakens raving with new-found love for Helena. Britten has invented a perfect aural symbol for bliss become agony through its own perfection and excess. There are the heavenly twangings and woodwind intertwinings that mark the awakening, in turn, of infatuated Titania (Jennifer Vyvyan). The vocal line hereabouts takes on a sunlit flow and clarity that are unforgettable.

All parties and persons are given music that is of their essence. At the end of the Pyramus and Thisbe pantomime, the rustics, led by the admirable Bottom (Owen Brannigan), tangle in the most alluringly lumpish dance heard since the scherzos of Bruckner. Since Verdi's day, Britten has said, "the line of musical language is broken." All this means is that he elects to write successively in half a dozen languages instead of in one. Bruckner's idiom is as much at his command as Purcell's or Berg's. To all idioms he gives tinctures of his own. Nobody but he could have conceived the "slow and solemn" 5/4 chorus, "Now until the break of day," which leads to the final curtain. This is a movement of textural richness; more importantly, it is good music in the old ethical sense, straight from the heart, straight to the heart.

The essential question is whether the score's strokes and felicities coalesce. The answer, I fear, must be No. As compared with Britten's previous operas—especially *Grimes*, *Budd* and *The Turn of the Screw*—this is a disjunct affair. The fairy kingdom, the ducal court, the rustics and the lovers are so many stools. We fall between them. A further difficulty is the jewelled beauty of Shakespeare's lines. Adding beautiful music is like giving a woman two tiaras to wear.

Two minor points. In writing Oberon for counter-tenor—even so distinguished a counter-tenor as Alfred Deller—Mr. Britten makes much of a specialized timbre which many otherwise musical people find odd rather than agreeable. Cobweb, Peaseblossom and company are sung by small or smallish boys with a perky harshness of tone which—though Mr. Britten no doubt calculated it exactly—contrasts curiously with the music's general delicacy of facture.

Despite the smallness of the Jubilee Hall stage, John Cranko's production and John Piper's scenery gave one onlooker at least the illusion of elbow-room as well as enchantment.

—CHARLES REID



[Candida]

Rev. James Morell—MICHAEL DENISON

AT THE PLAY

Dear Liar (CRITERION)
Candida (PICCADILLY)
The Life of Galileo (MERMAID)

WITH the London theatre list in a state of alarming dissolution we must be grateful to the Bath Festival for sending into town two Shaw productions of quality, one a revival of *Candida*, the other a play built from the letters exchanged by G.B.S. and Mrs. Patrick Campbell between the years 1899 and 1940.

This, *Dear Liar*, is a theatrical feat which I should have thought impossible. It is acted by its author, Jerome Kilty, and his wife, Cavada Humphrey, who make no attempt to impersonate the characters; Mr. Kilty has an Irish accent, but that is the only point of resemblance, for he wears a very un-Shavian blue suit and is beardless. The dialogue is taken almost entirely from the letters, with only the briefest bridges written in, and the play turns out to be not at all the unwieldy exercise in sound but an extremely vivid impression of two fascinating people. The development of this very odd love affair shadowed by Charlotte Tarty in the background, the battles royal at rehearsal and the subsequent reconciliations, Shaw's colossal bigotry and his gruesome interest in the technical details of his mother's cremation, Mrs. Campbell's feline vanity melting in the end to pathetic

humility, these come over with force and complete clarity. I thought there were slight longueurs in the first act, but none in the second. On the whole it is a refreshingly witty evening. Mrs. Pat said that if she had Shaw's powers of expression she could write letters to God, and one sees what she meant.

Dear Liar is not only a feat of selection and arrangement, but also of uncommonly skilful acting. Mr. Kilty and Miss Humphrey begin by reading the letters, and after a few minutes they have suddenly become Shaw and Mrs. Campbell, with the same magic with which Ruth Draper used to merge her personality. If all the fire and spirit that went to make one of the world's great sparring matches are not quite there, that is only to be expected; there is enough to suggest what more is missing. It is a very courageous thing to have tried, and a very satisfactory one to have brought off. Laurier Lister's production admirably safeguards Mr. Kilty's lightness of touch. No one interested in Shaw should miss this play.

Frank Hauser's production of *Candida* makes as much sense of its rather dated emotional situation as can be hoped for in this less delicate age, and puts a surprising sparkle into its comic scenes. Three important points are reliably secured. (a) Dulcie Gray's *Candida* is the kind of sympathetic woman with whom a boy might fall passionately in love, and is clever enough to be easily in command of the

REP. SELECTION

Birmingham Rep., *Lysistrata*, unspecified run.
 Guildford Rep., *Five Finger Exercise*, until June 25.
 Theatre Royal, York, *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, until June 25.
 Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *The Sound of Murder*, until June 27.

last scene. (b) Michael Denison's Morell, although a complacent windbag, is at the same time a likeable and genuinely humble man, who visibly grows up during the play. Both Candida and Marchbanks can love him without losing face. (c) Jeremy Spenser's Marchbanks carries complete conviction as the sort of highly-strung arty boy who cannot help attitudinizing.

These three performances have been beautifully welded together by Mr. Hauser, and in addition there is an original Proffy by Gillian Raine, who is not a figure of fun but a bewildered young cockney secretary, and a Burgess by Ken Wynne who seemed much funnier than usual by being sly and less of a bully.

For his production of Brecht's *The Life of Galileo* Bernard Miles has used a translation of the Berliner Ensemble text, which is twice as long as the American version played by Charles Laughton. It seems even longer, for the evening moves in cinematic scenes at a snail's pace and every point is relentlessly hammered home over and over again, as if Brecht had been afraid the most moronic member of his audience might miss a scrap of the message. Mr. Miles explained the Copernican theory of the universe so many times, with diagrams and models, that I almost began to understand it.

When Galileo proved that the earth moved he upset Genesis, as Darwin did later, and the Papacy, after a lot of vacillation, threatened him with its full Gestapo treatment unless he recanted, which he did. To Brecht he is both hero and criminal; a hero as a great scientist, a criminal because he betrayed the truth. The age of reason might have started a few years earlier had

he stuck to his guns. Does it really matter? It might be said he behaved very practically in living comfortably on the cardinals for the rest of his life while secretly writing the thesis which he smuggled out under their noses.

At the end there was a crude warning about mishandling science, which I took to refer to the atom bomb. There was also a kind of harlequinade of a mob in action that slowed up the play still further. Obviously, Galileo's life contains material for something much more dramatic. Here he scarcely counts as a human being. The best scenes are with a scientific cardinal (later made a pope) who is torn between his excitement at Galileo's discoveries and his loyalty to the Church. There are no special opportunities for acting. Mr. Miles is impressive in the non-stop part of Galileo, and is supported by an immense cast.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Ross (Haymarket—18/5/60), Rattigan's play about T. E. Lawrence, with Alec Guinness. *Rhinoceros* (Strand—4/5/60), Laurence Olivier in Ionesco. *A Passage to India* (Comedy—27/4/60), E. M. Forster's novel very well staged.

—ERIC KEOWN

ON THE AIR

A Simpson Curiosity

EVER alert for manifestations of the bizarre on the little screen (and heaven knows there are few enough of them now that television entertainment is settling into a pattern, varied but predictable) I switched on a Christian Simpson production some weeks ago called "Jazz A La Carte" (BBC), and I was not disappointed. Surprised, perhaps, but not, in the long run, disappointed. It was *twird*. According to the *Radio Times* we were in for Poetry and Jazz with a Miss Sylvie St. Clair and the Humphrey Lyttleton Band. Fully expecting, therefore, to see and hear a girl-type beatnik chanting harsh, socially significant verse to an improvised musical background (oh, I know what goes on, don't you worry), I pulled on a heavy sweater and lay on the floor with a few cokes handy, feeling as advanced and decadent as hell and ready for anything. Mr. Lyttleton (who I am bound to say appeared nervous about the enterprise right from the start) introduced the proceedings with a few diffident words, and off we went. And what did we get? Frustration tied up with ribbons. Miss St. Clair turned out to be a charming French lady who softly sang or spoke some rum original songs (one was called "I wish I were a Cat") while the band simply played the tunes. It was all far from being my idea of Poetry and Jazz, but I have to admit it was bizarre—partly because Miss St. Clair's broken accent made it difficult to catch more than a quarter of the words, and partly because those I did catch were weak, coy, flat and so generally uninspired that I decided at last (with a final twinge

of despair) that they couldn't even be parodies of anything. This was served up with all the daring and ingenuity at Mr. Simpson's command, which is saying a good deal. His cameras swooped and pounced all over the place, his lighting made the whole thing seem dramatic and vital, and altogether we were treated to half an hour of quite brilliant pure production: no point in asking what it meant—it was *abstract* production, and as such (having removed my sweater and stubbed out my marijuana cigarette) I enjoyed it very much. But then there were these dances, too, by Molly Kenny. Lyttleton said she likes to improvise dances, and so she came gliding out in a kind of jazz-inspired ecstasy, to caper about doing energetic arm movements in the cluttered studio. I say cluttered because you never know when Mr. Simpson is going to send a camera barging across at you out of some dark corner, and the Lyttleton Band was pretty well scattered about in the gloom by this time, to make it more exciting. And I say arm movements because most of the time, thanks to the thoughtful lighting, I couldn't see her legs, let alone her feet: for all I know she may have been on roller-skates, and if she was, it seems a pretty funny way to dance if you really want my candid opinion. When at last her legs were allowed into the act, there appeared to be about twelve of them, for Mr. Simpson lost his head completely and filled the whole screen with Molly Kennys. There they all were, the Molly Kennys, superimposed over one thing and another and jiggling away like crazy, and I thought to myself "How cute!" I always think the same thing when those dear little ghostly ballerinas dance on the tops of grand pianos too, because you can't deny we're living in an age of wonders, and there's no other word for it, it's *cute*. In the midst of all this arty hullabaloo Humphrey Lyttleton and his Band managed to play a few numbers, including an arrangement of St. Louis Blues, extremely well. They are to be congratulated.

"On the Bright Side" (BBC) looks like being an enjoyable series, conceived on intimate-revue lines and produced (by James Gilbert) with plenty of pace and an eye to the customer who has outgrown the end-of-the-pier sketch. Some of the comedy material in the opening show didn't quite make the grade, but most of it was fresh and witty and clean and welcome as the flowers in May. I have in mind particularly the "Small World" skit and the nostalgic *pot pourri* of ghastly pop songs from the Forties: these were both beautifully done, and made me laugh. (Now that I think of it, most of my TV laughs today come from good solid serious stuff like "Sword of Freedom," "Panorama," or "Dial 999," so that this was quite an event. I will see a psychiatrist.) Stanley Baxter and Betty Marsden are doing splendid work here, and the young lady called Pip Hinton, who looks edible, must surely have a bright future. Allergic as I am to stereotyped pony-tailed prancing, I even watched the Dancers with some interest.

—HENRY TURTON



BOOKING OFFICE

MOTHER'S DAY

By B. A. YOUNG

Oedipus and Akhnaton. Immanuel Velikovsky. *Sidgwick and Jackson*, 25/-

SWOLLEN-LEGS" Oedipus was marooned in the desert as a baby and brought up in a foreign court; he unwittingly slew his father; he so provoked a sphinx by answering her riddles that she jumped off a cliff; he returned to Thebes, married his mother, and had two sons and two daughters.

Akhnaton, according to the evidence assembled by Dr. Velikovsky, suffered from lipodystrophy, causing swollen thighs; he spent his youth abroad, possibly in Syria; when he acceded to the throne in Egyptian Thebes, he overthrew the prevailing religions, which may have involved casting down the sphinx that represented the murderous goddess Hathor from the western cliffs of the city, and which surely involved erasing his father's name Amenhotep from his memorials and so depriving him of his after-life; later he deserted his queen Nefretete and lived with his mother Tiy. By Nefretete he had three daughters, of whom the eldest married Smenkhkare and the youngest Tutankhamen (though not before she had had a daughter by her versatile father).

When Oedipus found out the truth about his father's death, his wife Jocasta hanged herself and he plucked out his eyes and went into exile, the throne passing to his two sons Polynices and Eteocles in turn, Jocasta's brother Creon acting as regent.

Akhnaton's conduct of public affairs got him deposed, and he was succeeded for a short period by Smenkhkare and for another short period by Tutankhamen, while Queen Tiy's brother Ay acted as regent and ultimately assumed the throne himself. According to one theory, Smenkhkare and Tutankhamen were not only Akhnaton's sons-in-law but also his sons, a not unusual situation in that society.

It is clear that there are remarkable areas of correspondence in the lives of the two kings, and it is Dr. Velikovsky's idea that the Oedipus legend is simply a euphemized version

of the life of Akhnaton. He brings in its support an impressive amount of documentation and presents it with enthusiasm. He is a great hand at the manipulation of legend and folklore, and if his conclusions are exciting rather than convincing, like the planetary pumps of *Worlds in Collision*, they are always ingenious.

In this case he has worried over his case too much. The childhood exile, the sphinx, the parricide, the incestuous marriage, the dual succession—these form a fair enough case. There is no need to try to make all the details correspond. Dr. Velikovsky's speculations as to whether Tiy-Jocasta committed suicide, for instance, are never more than speculations, and it is really going too far to associate the finding of a lock of her hair in a box in Tutankhamen's tomb with a line in Euripides' *The Phæniæ* where Jocasta says "I cut off my silvered locks and let them fall for grief." (It was brown hair, anyway.)

As for the evidence of Akhnaton's blindness, it is slender enough, being

PRESENTING THE CRITICS



STRAUSFELD

11—CHARLES REID
Music, News Chronicle

dependent on a disputed translation of a hymn to Amun written after Akhnaton's monotheistic cult of Aton had been overthrown and the worship of Amun restored—

The forecourt of him that assailed thee is in darkness, while the whole earth is in sunlight. The Egyptologist who translated the hymn says that "forecourt" referred to the buildings raised by the heretic Akhnaton. Dr. Velikovsky argues, not without support, that it means "sight." All right. But to go on from there, "Would it be a flight of poetic imagination to assume that Akhnaton blinded himself by his own hand?" is simply to invite the answer "Yes, it would."

Then there is the case of Meritaten, Smenkhkare's wife, and possibly sister, thought to be the princess whose remains were found in a pit close by Tutankhamen's tomb, where she was apparently immured and left to die. Meritaten could be the Egyptian original of Antigone, and Dr. Velikovsky is fair enough when he says "That this place may have been the death chamber of the historical Antigone is no more than sheer surmise." So it is simply disconcerting when later on he asks us to believe that the fact that strips had been torn off one of the sheets found in the pit is evidence that Meritaten hanged herself like Antigone, whose "rope was of the woven linen of her dress."

There seem to be innumerable variations of the Oedipus myth, from which, as Dr. Velikovsky shows throughout his book, elements can always be isolated to fit some equivalent element in the story of Akhnaton and his family. Legend is an extremely malleable material; the same folklore that demonstrated to H. S. Bellamy that a moon once crashed to the surface of our earth demonstrated to Dr. Velikovsky that our earth once collided with Mars and Venus. The difficulty about trying to make myths prove anything is that you always can.

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Hill and Friends. Hubert Nicholson. *Heinemann*, 18/-
The Clown. Alfred Kern. *Collins*, 21/-
The Evidence of Love. Dan Jacobson. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 15/-

The literary critic is a kind of water-diviner, armed with a twig which (she fondly hopes) will leap at buried talent. Sometimes, it must be admitted, the talent is buried deep; but sometimes it runs clear and bright and strong. You don't even need a twig to find

Mr. Nicholson's talent: you only have to open his *Mr. Hill and Friends*.

Harry Hill is a kindly sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde: he is Walter Mitty produced by Ealing Studios. He is *Lavender Hill Mob*, rollicking Alec Guinness: a genial East-End tobacconist with a weakness for pretty girls and an even bigger weakness for false identities. In the evenings, thanks to a buffalo-calf briefcase bearing the letters C.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (he had luckily picked it up in a train), Harry Hill becomes Dr. Charles Cork, the soul of Fleet Street pubs, and the father-figure of errant, repentant young women. You may know him as Hill, or Cork, or Hellas, or O'Leary (and he is entitled to any of these names); but whichever he is, he pumps benzedrine into everyone's existence. He is indeed a remarkable chameleon, and he has found an equally remarkable chronicler. Mr. Hubert Nicholson follows him all over London and all through his adventures from counter to clink at a spanking, compelling pace. We rush to keep up with him in a novel of breakneck readability.

Mr. Kern's version of *Pagliacci* is also readable, from its brilliant dust-jacket (by R. A. Glendenning) to its five hundred and twelfth closely-printed page. It is the saga of the Big Top, from the turn of the century until 1944. It is the stream-of-consciousness memoir of Hans, the young comic fired to turn professional by the sight of the Schwander Circus passing through Basle. Hans becomes the lover of Martha, the massive proprietress of a travelling circus: indeed, one might say that he tames this human lioness. He becomes her man of affairs. He follows the Big Top round Europe, creating his devastating satires from the raw material round him: from the

infinitely various Europe of the Kaiser and the Czar, of Edward VII and Victor Emmanuel III. He moves on into the post-war world; and when the circus makes a week's profit of twenty thousand marks, he dreams it at once into terms of "horse-boxes, caravans, Siberian bears or Ethiopians. We would buy and buy and buy: absorb a tribe, depopulate Asia and Africa, and bring the whole universe under the Big Top!" For everything must be absorbed, everything transfigured, in this world of constant change where even stray performers grow rich and strange: where Meyer, Schmitt and Schisselé become Oscar, Serge and Nero. This is a spangled world of its own, yet a world that one cannot divorce from the world outside. And this novel, *The Clown*, is a picaresque novel which we shall remember both for its Martha-like bulk, and for its merit.

Mr. Jacobson's new book is in a different category, and can hardly be described as entertaining. It deals with a theme that is always topical but is topical, now, as never before. It deals, in fact, with the problem of racial conflict, and Mr. Jacobson (who raised the problem in *A Dance in the Sun*) presents it, now, in its most acute form. The hero of his novel is a Cape coloured boy, Kenneth Makeer, who left his South African shanty life to find a better existence in London. He falls in love with a girl of liberal instincts who is not only white, but rich, and worshipped by her father. They solve their problems in a love-affair and in marriage, only to find that the solution is not universally possible. They return as man and wife to a country which is not evil but mediaeval: they are welcomed home to South Africa by angry officialdom, and offend the Immorality Act by co-

habitation; in fact they are welcomed home by six months' imprisonment, with hard labour. Mr. Jacobson (born in Johannesburg) writes with sober feeling; and his novel is all the more powerful because no doubt it has happened many times over. It may be fiction, but we know quite well it is true.

— JOANNA RICHARDSON

WHO LIE IN GAOL

Justice in Chains. From the Galleys to Devil's Island. Michel Bourdet-Pléville. Robert Hale, 21/-

Anybody who thinks that man's inhumanity to man has remained fairly constant during the past three hundred years should read M. Bourdet-Pléville on the treatment of French convicts and galley slaves in the eighteenth century. In prison they were chained and collared to planks in a way that did not allow them either to stand or to lie down, but only to adopt an agonizingly painful permanent crouch. On release from prison they were marched to the galleys in an enormous crocodile, linked man to man by the chains passed through their iron neck collars. On the galleys they were kept chained night and day to the thwart, and there ate, slept and defecated. Punishments, apart from everyday beatings, included the removal of ears and noses. Burning alive was reserved for sodomy.

This pedestrian, informative, awkwardly written or translated book follows the treatment of these convicts through the days of the galleys to those of the *bagne* (the convict prisons established in the mid-eighteenth century) and the convict stations in Guiana and New Caledonia that replaced them a century later. The comparatively virtuous intentions of successive administrators were foiled by the clumsiness of bureaucratic practice and the viciousness of the men on the spot. To many of those in high places humanitarianism seemed merely eccentric. The reply of Napoleon III to the question, "Who will you find to guard these villains?" is characteristic not only of that Hitler *manqué* but of French official morality: "People more villainous than they are." The white overseers and Arab turnkeys on Guiana were mostly exceptionally vicious sadists and homosexuals. To escape them convicts simulated tuberculosis and leprosy, the first by buying the spittle of a genuine tuberculosis sufferer, secreting it under the tongue and spitting it out as a specimen, the second by using glass paper to produce dead patches of skin and by practice in developing insensitivity to the insertion of pins. It is a sufficient commentary on conditions in Guiana that the pseudo-leper's reward was transfer to the Ile Saint-Louis leper colony, where he eventually caught the disease through contact with genuine lepers, but at least lived out his life in idleness.

It was not until after the war that convicts were transferred to France from Guiana, and this was done less from humanitarian reasons than because of the



"It's been banned in six countries."

complaints made by the member for native Guiana: "Do what you want with your convicts, but don't send them to us." One closes the book almost believing in theories of national character. The desire to inflict punishment, the need for a scapegoat: in orderly Germany they led to the camps and the gas chambers, in corrupt France to the galleys and Devil's Island, in hypocritical Britain—where? To a liking for public executions and the current demand for the return of the cat? —JULIAN SYMONS

THE SEA AND THE JUNGLE

Trade Winds and Turtles. Dan Mulville. Putnam, 21/-

The Heart of the Forest. Adrian Cowell. Gollancz, 25/-

Two adventure books, one by a romantic storyteller as born to the job of rolling stone as he was full-blooded Irishman, the other by a young man with a trained, analytical mind who can view both external events and his own reactions in an equally objective light.

Some small-boat stories overdo the staccato, man-of-action stuff from misguided pride in nonchalance: "06.00 hurricane; rather uncomfortable on deck, turned in." None of this in *Trade Winds and Turtles*. Mr. Mulville had his strong winds of course, and both usual and peculiar difficulties to face during *L'Aventurier's* voyage from the Canaries to the Caribbean; he makes light of them not through false modesty but because he has a colourful faith in his future—both as himself and as part of a simple scheme of things in which all natural phenomena reflect, and are controlled by, a Divine Authority. Sailors at sea often feel this—but come sadly ashore to an irreligious unbelief and a world created by Newton, Darwin, Einstein and Marx, where "a politician is more practical than a God, a pub more idyllic than Paradise." A splendidly descriptive book but adventurous as the author may be I suspect an ever watchful eye for the effect each exciting moment was to make in the volume that would grow from the trip.

Adrian Cowell was invited by Orlando Villas Boas to join in a journey to the geographical centre of Brazil—hitherto a jungle-shrouded mystery, the last stronghold for dreams of Eldorado. Further penetration of this unknown region (the dreams dissolve into just more trees by the way) was part of the Boas brothers' fifteen years of work to preserve the existence of the Xinguano, Txukahamae and other primitive tribes. The author has not attempted to idealize these savage peoples but sees them as a product of the life they are forced to lead, of which killing is a necessary part. After all, dead birds provided meat and feathers, dead "civilizados" axes, guns and fishing-line! Mr. Cowell's desire to integrate himself deeply with the jungle life, thinking and feeling it from the inside and discarding education, philosophy and all pre-conceived ideas, has produced an outstanding book—and a new writer of great promise. —JOHN DURRANT

FUNNY OH OH

The Bedside Mad. William H. Gaines. Frederick Muller, 3/6

The ghoulish humour of *Mad* is an acquired taste, but one worth acquiring. Behind the grim façade of "sick" humour there lies a genuine vein of satire. The drawing is for the most part unattractive, but it is based on unattractive sources, and it fulfils a worthwhile purpose in showing how unattractive they are. Moreover the long, lunatic captions and bubble-conversations may wean readers from pure strip-gazing to genuine reading in course of time. Now someone should give us *Harvey Kurtzman's Jungle Book*, which is one step up, intellectwise. —B. A. Y.



BLOOD COUNT

The Silent Hostage. Sarah Gainham. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 13/6. Widow of unhappy marriage to partisan war-hero visits Yugoslavia as government's guest and becomes involved with plots to gain control of Hungarian flibbertigibbet who holds key to big illegal export cartel. Background of Balkan politics very expertly managed. Plot slightly overburdened with travelogue and love-making, but not enough to spoil amusing and credible book.

Fear the Light. Elizabeth Ferrars. *Crime Club Choice*, 10/6. Traditional English-village murder in Big House, followed by complicated shooting involving bus-time-table. Drunken writer, distraught wife, ex-actress barmaid; highly-strung female scientist, American in search of valuable lost documents, etc., all woven into web of suspicion until murderer's tiny mistake is noticed. Readable, too.

The Green-eyed Monster. Patrick Quentin. Gollancz, 13/- Earnest American business man, hovering between adoration and jealousy of beautiful wife, comes home and finds her shot. He is prime suspect, but has just time to rush round stripping layers of friendship and enmity off other suspectable characters. A bit hectic but very efficient. There seem to be a lot of easy liars in New York.

Zen there was Murder. H. R. F. Keating. Gollancz, 15/- Extraordinary cross between bright, irritating, copywriter's style and cosy, old-fashioned closed-circle murder. Flapper at week's residential course in Zen is stabbed with valuable stolen sword; it must be one of the residents, all of whom turn out other than they seem. Mr. Utamaro, the Zen tutor, has Poirot-like tendencies. Actual mechanics of the murder creak, but otherwise it's fun if you can stomach it.

Honey for the Marshal. E. H. Clements. Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6. British agent comes home for well-earned holiday in heart of Stockbrokershire to find his house commandeered by F.O. for visiting Tito-figure whom he met in wartime. House full of local children under wing of quixotic wife; surly painter in caravan in paddock; mysterious acrobat haunts garden; official security measures inadequate; and so on. Light but not facetious. Credible family.

Sergeant Cluff Stands Firm. Gil North. Chapman and Hall, 12/6. Woman found dead in gas-filled room in grim Yorkshire market town. Authorities think it suicide, except for Sergeant Cluff, local man, who goes on leave and haunts those responsible to self-destruction, largely by brooding at them. Fairly strong climax.

—PETER DICKINSON



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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

First Catch Your Serpent

ALKANET, says Nicholas Culpeper in his *Complete Herbal and English Physician Enlarged* (Fat G.P.?), grows in Devon. I must watch for some, for if any that hath newly eaten it do but spit into the mouth of a serpent, the serpent instantly dies. Most useful this; I am always meeting serpents. Nevertheless, to spit into a serpent's mouth is a feat which will take agility, courage, and accuracy of the highest order, and I think that in a spitting competition with a serpent I should probably be the loser. Alkanet, luckily, will help me if I am bitten by the venomous beast, and on the side it will cure yellow jaundice, spleen, gravel in the kidneys, and worms. A gallant remedy indeed.

The man didn't think much of his colleagues. Apropos of Wild Clary (which is like the other Clary, only lesser) he wishes from his soul that Blasphemy, Ignorance, and Tyranny were ceased among Physicians, that they may be happy and he joyful. Clary, by the way, is good for backache. You fetch the butter and eat fried Clary just as hogs eat acorns, and when you have devoured as much as will grow on an acre of ground, your backs are much the better, nay perhaps much worse. I wish he would make up his mind. For those thereabouts, Wild Clary grows in the fields near Gray's Inn and Chelsea.

Rest Harrow root, steeped in a gallon of Canary wine, is good for all manner of things. That I can well believe. Culpeper makes no mention of dosage so I presume you drink the lot as quickly as possible. I know that

would do me good. But he remarks that one must have wit enough to give the strongest decoctions to the strongest bodies. In any case ordinary cabbage, being eaten, will prevent one from being drunk with too much wine, and will quickly make a man sober that was drunk before.

An infusion of Devil's Bit will shift pimples and freckles especially if a little vitriol be dissolved therein. Permanently I should think. Distilled cowslip water

will add to your beauty or restore it if lost, and Rocket seed mixed with vinegar and honey will take away black and blue spots. Fumitory hindereth any fresh springing of hairs on the eyelids after they are pulled away. Why bother with expensive cosmetics?

When you have roast lamb and mint sauce for dinner, remember that mint is good for any number of ailments, not the least of which is "Gnawing of the Heart." If followed by strawberries and cream it will serve to fasten any loose teeth that you have.

If you don't think much of the remedies in this book, says Culpeper, that is because it is a cheap book, and you would do well to get his other books on the subject, more expensive, but much more detailed. Clever advertising this, and I think he had little to learn from the modern publicity boys. The nearest I came to trying a remedy was absentmindedly to chew a piece of Feverfew which grows around my farmhouse, as one chews a stalk of grass. I got a blinding headache, which was odd as that is just what it is supposed to cure. So I cannot vouch for anything at all. As Culpeper himself says "Pliny is my author; if it be not so, blame him."

— SUZANNE M. BEEDELL

Look! No Hands!

TUESDAY

HAVING people in this evening. What a delight is my new electric mixer delivered yesterday! My "robot" the salesman called it. Stands in kitchen looking very workmanlike in two-tone grey and white, with all thirty-five attachments. Means sacrificing a few visits to hairdresser, etc., but surely worth it for wholesome, imaginative, easily-prepared food? Such fun, too! How lucky I filled in that coupon about new easy terms!

8.0 a.m.—8.45 a.m. Fit coffee-grinding attachment. Should be much quicker next time, now that I know how it goes. Worth every one of the forty-five minutes anyway, for that fresh, home-ground aroma.

9.15 a.m. Detach Coffee Mill and wash same.

9.30 a.m. Attach Sausage Filler ("simplifies the otherwise virtually impossible"). What a joy to think of fresh, home-made, tasty sausages instead of stale old preservative-ridden shop ones!

9.45 a.m. Something very wrong with Sausage Filler. Remember that I am dealing with a delicate, precision-built machine. 'Phone electrician.

10.15 a.m. Electrician arrives and discovers golliwog's eye in sausage mixture.

10.30 a.m. Both electrician and I feel in need of a cup of coffee. Remove Sausage Filler and wash same. Attach

Coffee Mill and grind coffee. Remove Coffee Mill and wash same.

11.0 a.m. Time to prepare dough for home-made bread. What a joy to think of fresh, home-made, tasty bread, instead of stale old shop loaves! And it only needs three mins. kneading with Dough Hook!

11.30 a.m. Finally locate Dough Hook attachment and ruin game of Peter Pan by removing Captain Hook's distinctive feature.

11.35 a.m. Gouge left thumb while fitting Dough Hook to delicate precision-built, etc.

12.0 noon. Thumb bandaged and dough prepared.

12.15 p.m.—2.15 p.m. Prepare for wholesome, imaginative, easily-prepared lunch. Fit Liquidizer for vegetable purée and mashed potatoes. Remember potatoes not peeled. Remove Liquidizer and fit Potato Peeler. Remove Potato Peeler and wash same. Fit Liquidizer. Remove and wash same. Remember spinach which was to have been pulverized. Replace Liquidizer. Remove and wash. Fit Mincer to transform left-overs into appetizing snack. Left-overs certainly minced but no more attractive than before. Remove Mincer and wash same. Fit Coffee Mill. Remove and wash same.

2.30 p.m. Eat wholesome, imaginative, etc., lunch.

3.0 p.m.—7.30 p.m. In kitchen with old Delicate Precision. Use Slicer and Shredder for eggs, tomatoes, carrots, cabbage, cucumbers, etc. Use Oil Dropper for mayonnaise. Use Bean Slicer and Pea Huller. Use Beater and Whisk for pies, meringues. Wash Slicer and Shredder, Oil Dropper, Bean Slicer and Pea Huller, Beater Liquidizer and Whisk.

8.0 p.m. Guests begin to arrive. Do not see a great deal of them but manage to pop out to greet the first arrivals.

8.10 p.m.—11.10 p.m. Back to kitchen with old Delicate P. Fix Liquidizer to mix drinks ("stand-in for bar-tender"). Remove. Fix Juice Extractor for fresh, etc., fruit juices. Fix Can-opener for beer cans. Remove Can-opener to fix Slicer and Shredder for orange and lemon slices. Remove Slicer and Shredder and replace Can-opener. Remove Can-opener to fix Coffee Mill. Search desperately for old, hand-manipulated can-opener. Repeat whole process many times.

11.10 p.m.—11.40 p.m. Wash Liquidizer, Juice Extractor, Can-opener, Slicer and Shredder, Whisk and Coffee Mill.

11.41 p.m. Husband enters with about a hundredweight of shredded carrot. Says last guest has gone and asked to be remembered to me. Husband very merry (Liquidizer-mixed drinks?) with alien lipstick marks on collar.

WEDNESDAY

10.30 a.m. Hair Appointment. Nip into Supermarket on way home for loaf of sliced bread, tin of mushroom soup, instant coffee and a tin-opener.

— PATRICIA RILEY

Requiescat in Pace

SELDOM my thoughts rewarding prove
When cleaning out the old gas-stove;
Nor do I murmur simple prayers
When brushing grit from muddy stairs—
But truth and wisdom fill my head
When I am lying on my bed.

My little learning runs to waste
When cooking meals in horrid haste;
And I can't say I'm truly happy
When washing th' ubiquitous nappy—
But I am loving, gay and kind
When my poor feet are off my mind.

— HILARY HAYWOOD



"Hello, Mr. Saunders. I want to add a codicil to my will."

Toby Competitions

No. 119.—What's On Tonight?

COMPETITORS are invited to draft an evening's programme for the third TV channel on the assumption that it has been handed over to any one of the following: the *Sunday Times*; the Royal Court Theatre; the Controller of the Third Programme; the British Council; the *Daily Mirror*; Mr. Jack Solomons. Limit: 120 words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. Entries by first post on Wednesday, June 29. Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 119, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 116 (Point of Review)

Competitors were asked for a review of any well-known book on the lines of the American *Field and Stream's* review of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as an account of the daily life of an English gamekeeper. Nabokov and Orwell predominated in a luxuriant entry. The winner is:

MICHAEL R. TAYLOR
100 HAVERSTOCK HILL
LONDON, N.W.3

Antigone

For his subject Mr. Anouilh has taken corpse disposal and disinfection, but the result is sadly disappointing. Unfortunately avoiding technical considerations, he has concentrated on the mutual rights and duties of the individual and the state. Antigone, symbolising the former, although

well-intentioned and hygienically-minded, has obviously never even been near a training course! While Creon (the State) is a pathetic example of traditional and unenlightened thinking. Had he applied himself to the real problems of cleansing, Mr. Anouilh's booklet could have become a Civil Defence "best seller." What a great opportunity has been missed!

The following are runners-up:

The Turn of the Tide. Arthur Bryant

On the life of Lord Alanbrooke, by one of our most eminent biographers. A regular soldier by profession, Lord Alanbrooke is an ex-president of the Zoological Society and is one of the best known of our ornithologists—many readers will remember the excellent films which he has presented on Peter Scott's television programme "Look." The book tells of the times spent during the Second World War, bird watching on the fens and marshes of East Anglia and in the "wadis" of Libya. The title *Turn of the Tide* is an oblique reference to watching wild duck on his favourite sea-marsh.

Major D. B. Janisch, Hinley House, Curzon Park North, Chester

Dr. Zhivago

The banning of this book in Russia is understandable as it could easily be taken for an attempt to discredit the medical profession. To the West it shows the need for strict professional etiquette despite the conditions for the G.P. which are evidently as bad in Russia as here. The inevitable intrusion of family affairs into Zhivago's crowded life leads to neglect of his practice and eventually to misconduct. The author interestingly supports Freud (also banned in Russia!) by the recurrence to Zhivago of confused childhood images. I hope the Minister of Health reads this!

R. C. M. Longley, 37 Broadcroft Road, Orpington, Kent

The Wind in the Willows. Kenneth Grahame

It is the most unashamed defence that I have yet seen of our decadent bourgeois society and reactionary class prejudices. Here are men, disguised as "animals," leading their amoral lives in the corrupt ennui of the upper-classes—punting, feasting and riding in motor cars. In an attempt to provide a plot for his weak-kneed playboys, the author by chance reveals the scandal of our prisons, fascist police, blackleg labour on the railways, and the appalling state to which the Tories have reduced our canal system.

N. I. Orme, Magdalen College, Oxford

Pride and Prejudice. Jane Austen

This book is part of the authoress's campaign against entailment of estates away from the female line, and depicts incisively the menace to the happiness of the heroine, Mrs. Bennet, who, having no sons, faces eviction when her husband dies. The sub-plots of her daughters' romances provide light relief to the sombre realism of the main theme. The story does not end happily, since it leaves the problem unresolved. The moral is emphasized by the obvious prosperity and preference which the beneficiary, a Mr. Collins, already enjoys. A shrewd piece of propaganda which should greatly influence public opinion.

D. R. Paddy, 300 Baring Road, Lee, S.E.12

... an unusual account of the Mediterranean travels of Father Paul Saul. This makes fascinating reading, but will serve the ordinary tourist chiefly by its warnings of what to avoid. The padre was often unfortunate in his lodgings, as at Philippi; the camp volant at Corinth was probably Communist-inspired; and he finally took passage to Rome with a thoroughly unsatisfactory shipping line. Such experiences can of course be avoided by making all arrangements through a reputable travel agency. Father Saul's experiences show what difficulties may be created by visitors who attempt to discuss religion with the natives of such countries.

I. D. Hargreaves, 146 Hamilton Place, Aberdeen

... undoubtedly this volume can be placed with ease on the commercial representative's bookshelf. Despite a certain amount of unnecessary padding—no representative is, I am sure, expected to be able to draw—every aspect of selling in a foreign country is treated with the right amount of sensibility and the touch of humour desirable in all salesmen. Mr. Greene deserves special commendation from business men all over the world—OUR MAN IN HAVANA will live on when all the guides to selling are dead.

Miss N. Wright, c/o Carnegie, 89 Henderson Street, Edinburgh, 6

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